

THE WAR CRY.



AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

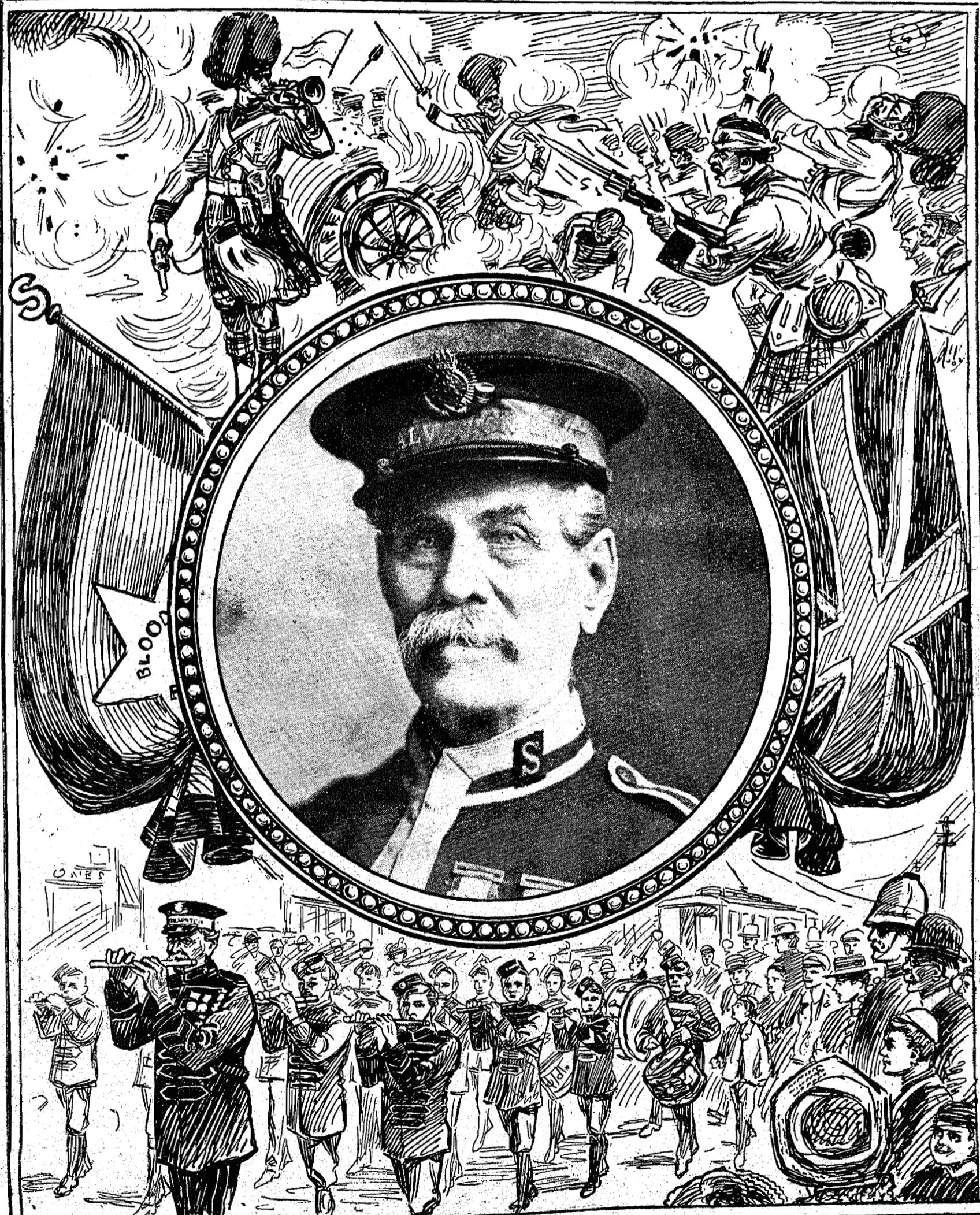
25th Year. No. 43

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General

TORONTO, AUGUST 7, 1909.

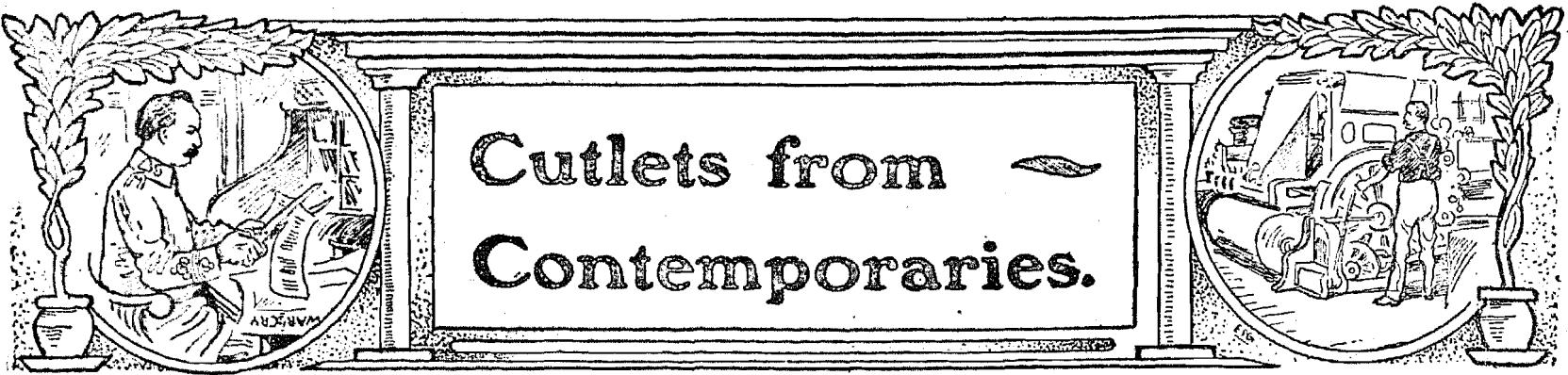
THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner

Price, 2 Cents



BANDSMAN LIDDLE OF RIVERDALE CORPS, TORONTO.

(Read His Life Story on Page 9.)



Proud of Her Colours.

An Indian Incident.

Lieutenant Priti Bai and a school girl had to go on a journey, which necessitated their getting a "gharri" to go the last six miles. People usually arrange to pay an equal sum of four or six rupees in the same gharri. Everybody had gone but our girls, a Brahmin and his daughter. After parleying, these four agreed to go together.

The journey commenced. The Brahmin requested the Lieutenant to cover up her red jacket, as he did not like to be seen riding with her. Now the Lieutenant had first claim on the gharri, and she pluckily replied that he could either cover his own face, or walk, that she was far too proud of her red jacket to cover it up. The Brahmin, therefore, chose to cover up his own face, using his dhoti and peeping out occasionally to see who was about, while the Lieutenant proudly displayed her colours.—India's War Cry.

Mental Powers.

How To and How Not To Cultivate Them.

Many young people have reluctantly to admit that they can rarely remember anything for any length of time, and in explanation of this unfortunate confession they usually add, with more point and force than they themselves realise, that their mind is "just like a sieve!" Their thinking apparatus is not performing its duty as it should, and it would be well to ascertain the cause of such serious inaction, and to search for a remedy.

Some would argue that there is no urgent need for them to retain anything in the mind other than the most commonplace necessities and trivialities. The young man engaged in the office, for instance, contends that he has no spare moments for study, and yet he will spend the necessary hour or more in the train every day in devouring some trash or other, produced either in the form of a wrongly-called "harmless" semi-religious novel, or a "Sunday at the fireside" periodical.

Yet, if that same young man or woman obtained a book of sound wisdom, one that should inspire pure and noble ambition, he or she would, immediately lay it aside as too dry or of no consequence. It is the continual reading of cheap and scrappy

"literature" that destroys the retaining powers of the mind.

To bring about any real improvement one has to work terribly hard with oneself. But it is worth "slogging" at.—American Y. S.

"Wireless" Ships.

American Officers learned this much.

I should like to say something about the wireless, which, of course, the St. Louis is equipped with, says the American Social Gazette correspondent now at the Staff College. It's the Marconi system. Staff-Captain Agnew and myself visited the coop on top of the vessel, near the stern, where it is flanked on either side by the life boats. The genial gentleman who operates the machine is named Billy Booker, and these questions and answers were one of the results of our visit:

"Mr. Booker, how far can you talk with your machine?"

"My range is about 200 miles, but we can hear much further."

"Is the current furnished by those batteries?"

"Yes, but only in case the ship's dynamo fails to furnish the voltage. We are always prepared for this with the jars."

"Do the sparks travel far before leaving the ship?"

"Yes, something like thirty miles, as they pass over the wire woven spoils, you see here."

"How do you tell when a ship can be communicated with?"

"We have a chart, you see it against that wall, properly ruled and lined, that tells us the probable point at which each ship can be reached by our grade of machine during the month."

He let me put on the receiver, similar to the headgear of our "Central," and coming from far-off I could hear the tick, tick, tick of the sounder somewhere, reaching out after an ear tuned to understand the language of the dots and dashes. Mr. Booker, quickly taking hold of his own sounder on the desk before him, got in touch with our unseen friend across the wide waste of water.

There is a rule, so he told us, governing the calling up of shore stations that it must not be done by operators under 180 miles, so as not to "butt in," unless it is a distress message.

The mail is being gathered up, and I must close.—American Social Gazette.

The Praying League

Special Topics—1. Pray that Officers and Christian workers on furlough may receive, not only duly renewed health, but spiritual uplift. 2. Pray for an aged Christian much distressed.

Sunday, August 8.—Charge to Solomon.—II. Sam. 22: 1-16.

Monday, Aug. 9.—The Pestilence.—II. Sam. 24: 10-25.

Tuesday, Aug. 10.—The Usurper.—Kings and Chronicles.—I. Kings, 1: 1-50.

Wednesday, Aug. 11.—Solomon's Special Work.—I. Chronicles, 28: 1-20.

Thursday, Aug. 12.—Magnificent Giving.—I. Chronicles, 29: 1-12.

Friday, August 13.—Coronation Feast.—I. Chronicles, 29: 13-25.

Saturday, August 14.—David's Last Words.—I. Kings, 2: 1-10; 3: 1-3.

MANY REQUESTS FOR PRAYER.

I have been receiving many special requests for prayer lately. From the nature of these requests, oftentimes cannot mention them publicly. But I have thought that we might add to our general Prayer League petitions, this one: "Oh Lord, be pleased to graciously bless all who are in any trouble, and especially need Thy grace and presence at this time."

I command it to our Prayer Leaguers.

EVILS OF GOSSIP.

We pass on to our readers a few thoughts on the subject of gossip, written by Mrs. General Booth:

The fact that I was so much alone in my youth, and so thrown upon my own thoughts and those of the mighty dead as expressed in books, has been helpful to me.

Had I been given to gossip, and had there been people for me to gossip with, I should certainly never

The Fountain of Life.

Take Time for Prayer.

Should the new dawn breaking, a burden bring

That your soul deems hard to bear, Seek a boon of grace for a little space;

There is always time for prayer.

With a lift of the heart let the day begin,

And a moment of respite spare, Ere you press along with the toiling throng;

There is always time for prayer.

When your tired feet falter upon the path,

Though to pause you do not dare, Would you find the stress of the noon grow less?

There is always time for prayer.

When the late night dies with the setting sun,

Would you taste of balm for care? With a lift of heart let the day depart,

There is always time for prayer.

There is always time in the morning's prime,

And golden noon tide fair;

There is always time 'neath the even-clime,

There is always time for prayer.

—Australian Cry.

Our Vital Breath.

What Prayer has done.

Mr. Finney tells of a certain church in which there was a continuous revival for thirteen years. At last the revival stopped and everyone feared and questioned, until one day a tearful man arose and told how for thirteen years he had prayed every Saturday night until after midnight for God to glorify Himself and save the people; but two weeks before this he had stopped praying, and the revival had stopped.

An Officer was taking charge of a Corps. The Soldiers came to him telling of their different plans to get hold of the people. He said: "I have tried all these and have known them to fail, but prayer will bring them;" so in addition to their labour they united in earnest, prevailing prayer. The people came, and God blessed their labours in reviving His work.

If there is such a real, vital power in prayer as this, what a tremendous

have accomplished what I did. I believe gossip is one of the greatest enemies to both mental and spiritual improvement. It encourages the mind to dwell on the superficial aspects of things, and the passing trivialities of the hour.

There are very few people who have either the capacity or the inclination to converse on deep and important questions, and, therefore, if you mix much with them, you are obliged to come to their level and talk the twaddle. This you cannot do, except, perhaps, now and then as a recreation, without its having a reflective evil on the mind.

I should think that, as a rule, if we knew the lives of persons whose mental attainments are of a superior character, we should find that they are men and women who have been very much thrown upon their own resources, and cut off from others, either by choice or circumstances.

In confirmation of this, one has only to note the ordinary conversa-

responsibility rests upon us all to pray!—American Cry.

That Uniform Again!

It's Value, Powers and Opportunities.

Salvation Army uniform brings its wearers many opportunities, especially in the direction of personally dealing with and influencing people on spiritual matters. This was strikingly illustrated in the case of a South African Envoy during a recent journey to Pretoria.

Just before the train left the Cape Town station, a party of young Jews came into the compartment, one quite a lad. It appears he had just arrived by himself from Russia. The others had met him at the Docks, and had come down to see him off to Johannesburg.

Noticing the uniform of the Envoy, they asked if he was going to the Rand, and if so, would he befriend the boy (who could speak no English), see that he got his food, and hand him over to his friends. They said they knew they could trust The Army, and had often subscribed to its funds.

Farther on, a German, who had walked from South-West Africa, got on the train and sat down with the Envoy. He said he had known The Army in Germany, where he had a good mother, and where he had held a comfortable position. He said he was, however, the youngest son, and the black sheep of the family.

The Envoy warned him that drink would ruin him altogether if he continued its use, and urged him to seek the Saviour. He seemed a respectable, well-educated man, and to feel his position keenly. A note of introduction to the Officer-in-charge of the Kimberley Metropole was given to him.

Later, a Dutch farmer boarded the cars. He had come into contact with The Salvation Army when a prisoner of war on St. Helena, and speedily joined the Envoy, asking him how he would point a sinner to Jesus.

As the Envoy laid down to rest, he could hear his last friend, while pointing out his uniform, explaining to others that he was a Salvation Army Officer.—South African Cry.

With Jesus in possession, who can be poor? They who have Christ in their embrace can afford to despise a mere earthly millionaire, or the richest diamond prince on the South African Rand.

tion at a dinner-table, or in a railway carriage, to observe how little substance there is in it.

As a rule there is not a word spoken of an elevating or useful tendency in the whole conversation, and, indeed, it is commonly the case that nothing has been said which might not just as well, or better, have been left unsaid.

DO NOT FEAR DIFFICULTIES.

If anyone should ask me what has made The Army the influence it is in the world to-day, I should answer its power to overcome difficulties.

If we do not overcome the difficulties, they master us. The spirit expressed by Napoleon when some officer complained of the difficulty of crossing the Alps in the dead of the cruel winter season. "There shall be no Alps." So The Army has met its mountains of obstacles and levelled them. This has been one of its secrets of success and triumph.

—Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

“Worthless Earth’s Delight and Show.”

A Chapter from Mrs. Colonel Brengle’s Book : “What Hinders You?”

“In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety: not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array.”
(1 Tim. 2 : 9.)

SHE was undeniably pretty. It doesn’t matter what her features and colouring were like, but they were such that as a baby everyone petted her, as a child everyone flattered her, and as a girl her chief object in life was to set off her prettiness by every means in her power. She had a healthy contempt for the cosmetics which nature had made needless for her, but thought the hours well spent which were passed in studying what shades of colour best suited her, or in trying to trim her coarse little straw bonnet as nearly as possible like those she had seen on the grand ladies at church on Sundays. She was often at religious services, for her mother brought all her children up in strict attendance upon the Episcopal Church; but seldom did a thought of God distract her attention from the finery in the pews, or from the pleasant fact that people frequently looked at her.

Her father was only a workingman, but he had once held a better social position, and it flattered his sensitive pride that Fanny should look as he thought his daughter ought. So he gave her money freely out of his excellent wages, praised the use she made of it, aided by her keen eyes and nimble fingers, in producing new gowns and bonnets, and took her about to the concerts and theatres, which were the pleasure of his own life.

Studying the Art of Dressing.

The one love of the girl’s life was her father. Mother and sisters came in for a large share of affection, but she fairly worshipped the handsome, melancholy-looking man whom she thought fate had somewhat defrauded of his birthright.

When she sat beside him in the theatre her childish imagination always wove the romance of the play in some different fashion than included her father; but beyond this she cared little for the play, finding real life far more interesting. She must be something great, to please dad, and, of course, only social greatness was possible to a woman. She watched the occupants of the great pews at church, of the stalls and boxes in the theatre, and saw that while some of them were very plain, and some looked decidedly stupid, they were all richly dressed. To be a great personage, then, she decided, neither beauty nor brains were necessary, but only fine clothes; and having thus stated her problem to her own satisfaction, the next thing was to solve it practically.

That was more difficult, and she could not yet determine how to do it. But, while waiting for some fairy godmother to appear and dower her, she gave her whole mind and soul to the art of dress, studying the costumes of everyone above her in rank, from the doctor’s daughter, who taught in the Sunday-school, to the titled lady who rolled through the town in her carriage, little dreaming that her Worth dress was an object of eager, anxious study to a girl of the people.

A Startling Dream

The thought of sin in connection with her worldliness never came to Fanny’s mind. She learned at church that she was to honour her father and mother, and did not stop to think whether a keeping of this commandment, which made it clash with any of the other nine, could be what God meant by it. Older heads have construed “honour thy father and thy mother” into a warranty for a course of conduct squarely opposed to the counsel of God, in His word, and in the conscience.

One night, after coming home from some fantastic play, she fell asleep and dreamed. In her dream she was sinking down in the ocean by whose shores she had played ever since she was a baby. And as she sank, through a space of time that seemed to go on as endlessly as the years of eternity, she saw written everywhere about her on the green walls of water has countless sins, and after each the words, “Spurned mercy!” “Rejected love!”

She tried, in the dream, not to see the words, as she ceaselessly sank through the cruel water, but she could by no means shut them out from her sight till she looked straight up, and saw, in the fading heavens, the crucified Christ. But the sign of the Cross was more torturing to her than even the damning catalogue of her sins, and with a scream of agony she awoke.

For two days the horror of the dream clouded and filled her mind, to the exclusion of her cherished vanities. Then she was diverted from the memory of it by reading a placard in the town announcing The Army’s coming, and that a daughter of The General would speak and sing.

She was one of the first to go to the theatre where this singular service was held, and the very song and

speech, whose mention on the hills had attracted her there, showed her how the Cross of her dream could cover her sins. So, at the penitent-form that night, she renounced the world for Christ. Poor little Fanny! If only the world had renounced her at the same time, she might more easily and quickly become all that God wanted her to be. But her world coaxed and pleaded and offered compromises.

“Mother would have shut me in from going to meetings,” she said, “but father loved me too dearly to ever be hard on me. And it was seeing him lonely without me, and missing me all the time, and not being to have me all taken up with religion, that made me keep a bit of my heart back from God.

“I went to most of the meetings, and after a while, when I got some confidence, took part as a Soldier. But I wouldn’t give in to the holiness teaching, for I saw that it meant more than I wanted to do.

“It was my dress—that was where the pinch was. I couldn’t see the use of dressing quite so plainly, to make me look homely, and spoil all father’s pleasure in me, when he’d lost so much of it already. So, while I didn’t think and fuss over my clothes as much as I used to do, I always had a bit of lace, a fancy collar, some extra buttons or ribbon loops, or a flounce or so, different from the other Soldiers. Uniforms had not yet come in, and we were only taught to dress as the Methodists used to in my grandmother’s day.

“There came a time at last when the Captain went away to a neighbouring town to help open a new station, and she took me with her. The lassies from London who met us there wore uniform. That was the first time I ever saw it, and I liked it—at least, not quite the way they wore it, but I thought it could be made a pretty dress.

A “Special” Talk on Vanity.

“So, when I went home I asked dad for some money to buy a new dress. He gave it to me, fast enough—he’d never heard of uniform. First place, I bought the stuff of a good deal brighter blue than the lassies wore, then I made the skirt a lot fuller, and last, I nearly covered the skirt with braid. It wasn’t at all a bad-looking dress when I had finished it—dad was quite pleased with it.

“We had a new Captain and a new A. D. C. in the Division now, and he came round holding special holiness meetings about this time. He happened to talk a deal on vanity, and he hit me off well.

“You really can’t be thinking much about souls going to Hell,” he said, “when you’re sewing away at ruffles and tucks instead of going out to tell somebody about Jesus. And how many Bibles, do you suppose, the price of the feathers and ribbons in this Hall would buy? There’s plenty of folks in your town haven’t got a Bible, nor bread to eat, either. When you open your own Testament do you ever hit on that text, ‘Inasmuch as ye did it not unto the least of these, ye did it not unto Me’?

“I don’t see how some of you dare look the Lord in the face when you pray. You waste His time, you spend His money, you’ve got the world’s liveries on your backs, and yet you call yourselves servants of Christ. Come away out to the penitent-form!”

An Incomplete Surrender.

“But I don’t know that I would have given in if a lot of the older girl-Soldiers in the Corps hadn’t got uniforms just like mine. I felt really vexed about it, for I wanted to have the only one in the place, and that showed me my danger. I knew I must be all wrong when I was feeling about a dress that was out-and-out for God, as I used to about my fashionable clothes.

“I went out to the holiness table and gave up many things to the Lord, and tried to deceive myself with the idea that I had a clean heart. But I hadn’t, for there was a lot of self left. I put on full uniform and never took it off after that, but I’d always wear lace at my neck and sleeves and a tortoise shell slide in my hair, and kid gloves and one of those ‘pussy-cat’ jackets, that look like sealskin, in cold weather.

“And I wouldn’t go to the Training Home. I went direct to the Field, though many a time I was asked to go through the Home. But that was the time when it was far easier to get out of going, and I was just determined I wouldn’t go, and always found some excuse to get around the Major when he put it up to me.

“I don’t know how long I could have stayed saved at that rate, but the Lord took me in hand.

“Souls didn’t get saved in our meetings very often. We’d paid the debt off, and made the Soldiers all fond of us, and the meetings were always interesting and pretty well at

tended. But it didn't seem as if we got any results, and I know now it was because God hadn't His own way with us, and so couldn't use us.

"My Captain was very good to me, and I'd got to love her dearly, and so, one day, when she said to me all of a sudden, 'I'm going to marry Jack Henshaw in a month,' it took me all aback. She'd never told me a word. Then I thought farther than that, and said, 'He's your Soldier—you've no right!'

"I can go out of the Work," says she.

"We went on from one word to another, till I was beside myse'f. My love for her and my feeling of her wrongdoing and deceit made me half wild. 'I'll go first,' says I, 'I'm going now!'

"I wouldn't hear another word, but just ran to my room, locked myself in, packed up my things, crying all the time, and set out for the Major's.

"It was hard! I'd cry till I was in such a maze I hardly knew what I was about, and only thought of getting home to dad; but knew, somehow, that I had to see the Major first.

"What's the matter, my child?" the Major asked, when I walked into his office, and all I could do was cry again like a baby.

"Come in to my wife," says he, "and have a bit of a talk with her."

"She just took me in her arms and kissed me, and said I shoudn't talk till I had some tea and rested, and she put me on the bed just as a mother would, and I was so tired I fell asleep.

"I didn't wake up t'll near meet'ng time, and then I could tell her all about it quiet y. 'Come round to the Hall with me,' she said; 'the Training Home mother's to be there to-night, and we'll pray about it in the meet'ng.'

"When we got home again that night, the Major said, 'Well, lassie, we can't have you going home. Will you go to the Training Home with Miss Booth?'

Off To The Training Home

"And I said, 'Yes, I will go wherever she is.' So there I went the next day.

"It was the lassies there who broke me down. There was hardly one of

them that didn't put me to shame in some way. They were so patient, so meek, so loving and unselfish, that I began to think I wasn't saved at all. I didn't volunteer for the wash nor the scrubbing at first, though I was strong and healthy, for fear of hurting my hands, and because I thought it beneath me, but I saw others, not half so strong-looking, doing it week after week as if they liked it. The self seemed completely gone out of them—they didn't care in the least what they did, so long as it helped somebody; nor how they looked, so they were tidy.

"They weren't all alike, but there was enough of them living beyond any reproach for me to see what God could make me, if I'd let Him. I saw myself in His light as it was reflected in their lives, and I just loathed myself.

"When I got to that point God could do something for me, and I went out to the table for holiness at the meeting that Friday night. I'd said before I couldn't see how Field Officers could do it; but all I wanted now was that God should take the vanity and worldliness all out of me.

and make me clean and right and
humble in His sight. Hallelujah!
He did it as soon as I believed.

"I burned the coffee-coloured lace next day and put on linen collars, or went without any; and it was easy to scrub, or clean shoes, or do anything after that. And now that God has all His own way in my heart, I'm prying and believing that He'll save my precious dad."

TWO CAPTAINS FAREWELL.

Regina, Sask.—We have said farewell to Captains Askin and Peacock. The former, who has been assisting here for nearly three months, goes to Wetaskiwin. She has been a useful Officer, and has helped in the German work. Captain Peacock came to Regina to look after her mother, who was seriously ill, and her nursing has resulted in her being brought back to health. Captain Peacock has also been a help to the Corps, and glowing tributes were paid to the two Officers on Sunday evening, July 11th, when we had also with us Captain Smith, who is always a welcome visitor to our city.—E. B.



The Salvation Army Band at Windsor, Ont., numbers twenty-two players. As will be seen by reference to the picture, several of the Bandsmen are women. They put in just as good service as the men, however. Two of them are members of the League of Mercy, and regularly visit the prison to hold meetings with the unfortunates confined there. Ten members of the Band are also Junior Workers, and are always in their place at the Company meetings. One of the youngest members of the Band, from point of service,

got converted at a Band practice only three months ago. He had spent all his life in sin, but being a lover of music, he was attracted to the Hall by the harmonious sounds that issued from thence one evening. He ventured inside, and very soon the Bandsmen got him down on his knees and started praying for him. He got properly saved, and to-day may be seen in full uniform, playing an instrument. He is a wondrous trophy of God's saving grace.

Every fourth week the week-end meetings are given over entirely to

the Band, and their efforts are greatly appreciated by the people. The number of years service put in by the Band totals up to over two hundred.

Several times this summer the Band has visited smaller Corps round about, and has been the means of helping and cheering the comrades in these places. All of the Bandsmen are thorough Salvationists, and may be seen in the prayer meetings fishing for souls, dealing with penitents, and helping in any other way they can. They are doing work

thusiastic over the shepherding of converts, and will visit them and bring them along to the meetings. We are glad to hear such good news of these comrades, and hope they will maintain their efficiency as a fighting force, and be much used of God in the extension of His Kingdom.

We may not give a man credit for much who claims to believe in nothing. But we can be charitable enough to give him credit for living

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.

Britain's Mighty Armada.

A great naval review recently took place at London, 148 British warships dropping anchor in the Thames.

The object of this extended and superb display of Britain's fighting power afloat is largely that of an anti-panic show. Uneasiness prevails in every quarter of Great Britain. Anxiety in the higher circles as to the condition of the country's defence has bred apprehension and pessimism throughout the body politic. The mighty armada on the Thames is the Admiralty's heroic sedative.

"They have made the country think we have no navy," says Admiral Fisher. "The British millions may now line up along the Thames, go out in boats, and see the great reality for themselves."

The total tonnage of the fleet is 750,000; its cost is \$310,000,000, and it is officered and manned by 42,000 of the picked sons of the nation.

A City of Copper.

A party of Arabs who recently returned to Cairo from the Sahara, narrated a story of a remarkable discovery. They stated that they were endeavouring to smuggle contraband across Tripoli last winter, when they were surrounded by coast guards. Some escaped and rode southward for three days. They lost themselves and were without food.

They had given up hope, when they saw on the horizon a glittering mass, like a large city. They believed at first it was only a mirage, but it proved to be a real, deserted city, built of burnished copper.

The story came to the ears of antiquity authorities, and despite the fact that Arabs are born romancers, much credence is given to the narrative owing to the production of pieces of copper of fine workmanship and antique design, which the Arabs claim they brought from the lost city. The result is that a private expedition has been organised with the assistance of the Government Antiquities Department, and it is about to start for the Sahara to search for the city of copper.

Sorcerers on Trial.

Some persons are being tried in Paris who style themselves "professors of hypnotism, astrology, sorcery, and other occult sciences." They also trafficked in talismans and "fatal magnetised water," which was credited with remarkable properties. They asserted that the sprinkling of a few drops of it on a Friday night while the subject murmured certain invocations was certain to be followed by the realisation of one's wishes. A "magic ring" enabling the possessor to find hidden treasure was sold for \$4, and four ounces of perspiration from the body of a man who hanged himself was said to produce magical results, and could be had for \$5. A wolf's tooth, which preserved the owner from slander, only cost \$1; four nails from the coffin of a still-born child could be had for \$15. The "veil of love," which exercised an irresistible attraction on indifferent persons, cost \$2. But the most valuable weapon in the sorcerer's armoury was the skin of an infant covered with magical characters, which was able to prolong life indefinitely, and only cost \$20. For \$3 clients of the Ta'azaz might obtain the head of a black cat, which for five days had fed on human flesh. This sinister talisman conferred dominion over all lesser powers of darkness. The accused received a large mass of correspondence, and their customers must have been very numerous. The male prisoner admitted that the "fatal water" was ordinary water boiled over a fire made with olive wood. The wolves teeth he procured from the Paris Zoo. It is difficult to believe that there are any people so foolish and credulous as to pay money for this sort of trash. The Bible contains a distinct warning against all such people. In Deuteronomy 18: 10, we read: "There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or



Princess Maud. Princess Royal. Princess Alexandra.
The Princess Royal and Her Two Daughters.

The Duchess of Fife (Princess Royal) is Queen Alexandra's eldest daughter. In appearance she closely resembles the Queen. She was married to the Duke on July 27, 1883. It is rumoured that King Manuel of Portugal is to marry the Princess Alexandra. If such an event takes place the following thrones will have a child, a grandchild, or a great-grandchild of Victoria as Sovereign or Queen Consort:—Britain, Russia, Germany, Norway, Spain, and Portugal, while two great-grandchildren are heirs to the thrones of Greece, Sweden and Roumania. The only thrones in Europe on which a direct descendant of Queen Victoria will not be seated within measurable time will be those of Austria, Holland, Belgium, Turkey, Italy, Bulgaria, and Servia.

an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer. For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord."

Steel Street Cars.

A Chicago paper states that steel street cars will soon be in use on the streets of that city. The cars have been built by the Pressed Steel

Company, of Pittsburg, and the supervising engineers who designed them believe they will be almost indestructible.

A number of the cars are finished and are being fitted out with trucks at the shops of the Pullman Company. The only wood about the new coaches is in the doors, and the steps. The cost of the steel cars is only a little more than the other type now in use, and they will weigh com-



Not the Least of the Shackleton Expedition's Difficulties: The Nimrod in a great gale while on her way from Lyttelton to the Antarctic Zone in tow of the "Koonya."

The South Pole, though, perhaps, not so well guarded from man by Nature as the North Pole, yet has many powerful defenders. Notable among these, the Shackleton Expedition found the seas between Lyttelton and the Antarctic Zone. The above illustration shows the Nimrod during one of the numerous great gales she encountered while on her way to the ice. Gazing at it, the casual person might say that the incident is exaggerated. This, we are assured, is not the case. Indeed, one of the photographs shown by Lieut. Shackleton during his Royal Geographical Society Lecture, was of the masts and top of the funnel of the Koonya the rest of the ship being hidden by an immense wave. This illustration was made by Mr. Gregory Robinson, who received all the material from Mr. G. A. McLean Buckley, who sailed in the Nimrod from New Zealand to the pack-ice, and returned in the Koonya. At the moment of the incident, the Nimrod was in the Antarctic Ocean, about 64 degrees South.

pleted 52,000 pounds, or 300 pounds less than the present double-truck coaches. In colour and design they are the same as the new cars now in use, the minor differences being distinguishable only on close scrutiny. The cost of each car will be about six thousand dollars.

Tidal Wave Visits Galveston.

The City of Galveston was recently visited by a hurricane and tidal wave which resembled the disastrous storm of 1900. Fortunately, however, the seventeen-foot sea wall protected the city, and no great damage was done. The wind attained a velocity of 68 miles an hour, heaving the waters of Galveston Bay up against the island, and flooding that quarter which had not been raised. The water backed up into the main streets of the city, but the damage was confined to the beach front, where bath houses and pleasure piers were swept away.

Galveston is called by Southerners the calamity city of Texas, for the exposed position of the "Island City" renders it particularly liable to the violent hurricane to which the lower part of Texas falls a prey. On September 8, 1900, one of these demons of the wind, sweeping over Southern Texas, well nigh blotted Galveston and the neighbouring country from the map.

The storm was attended by huge inundation. A tidal wave rolling in from the Gulf of Mexico carried all before it. For scenes of horror and deeds of shame—such as pillage and robbery of the dead—the catastrophe will long be remembered. The death toll, never fully ascertained, reached several thousand; 4,000 residences were destroyed; the property loss was estimated at \$17,000,000, and the agricultural loss at \$5,000,000.

Busy Railway Stations.

The South Terminal Station, in Boston, is the largest railroad station in the world, and sends out more trains each day than any other. Four hundred trains depart from this station every day between the hours of five o'clock in the morning and ten o'clock at night, and practically the same number enter the station between the same hours. This is nearly twice the number dispatched from the Grand Central Station in New York, by the three roads starting from there.

The next largest number sent from any station in America is 350 from the Boston and Maine Station, in Boston, and the next largest is 325 from the Broad Street terminal in Philadelphia. Then come the Grand Central in New York and the Reading Station in Philadelphia.

Including all suburban trains, and figuring on a mean average of winter and summer, the regular scheduled trains leave the four great centres in the following numbers daily, the figures being for all roads, and approximately correct: New York City, 1,400; Boston, 1,000; Philadelphia, 850; Chicago, 850. No American city has more than 400.

Expanding their Chests.

A novel method for getting children to exercise deep breathing has been adopted in a school at Haarlem, in Holland. A local practitioner advised that the children should be allowed to blow soap bubbles in order to broaden their chests. This pleasant method, as ingenious as it is simple, was thought of because of the difficulty in getting children to do ordinary breathing exercises thoroughly and regularly. On three days in the week all the children have placed before them a bowl of soapy water and a pipe. The windows are opened as wide as possible to admit as much fresh air as possible. Then competitions are arranged as to who can blow the biggest bubbles. Periodical chest measurements have proved the efficacy of the arrangement, increases being noted in each individual.

Salvation is free! That's so; electricity is free too, but electric light is not.

Funeral of Ensign Brace and her Sister at Sarnia.

Lt.-Colonel Sharp Conducts Service—Many Speakers pay Tribute to Life and Work of our Comrades.—Pathetic Scenes at Graveside.

THE bodies of these precious Salvation comrades were recovered from the St. Clair River on Friday, July 23rd, that of Daisy at 3 o'clock, some three miles from the scene of the accident, and that of Ensign Bertha at 7 o'clock, some ten miles down the river. It was imperative under the circumstances to have interment at Sarnia, and accordingly the funeral was held on the afternoon of Sunday, July 25th.

Seldom has Sarnia been stirred in its sympathies as at this tragedy. Expressions of grief have been on every lip, and tears in many eyes. For the week of suspense till the bodies were found meetings were cancelled. The male Soldiers assisted in the search, and those who could not mourned deeply for their beloved Officer and her sister.

Long before 2.30 the Barracks was crowded out, and there were hundreds on the street. Lt.-Colonel Sharp, Provincial Officer from London, conducted the service, and following him there came to the platform Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Scott, of Detroit, Provincial Officers for Michigan and Indiana, representing the American Field, Professor Hawley, representing Charlottetown, P. E. I., the home of the departed comrades; Captain Grace Cooper, the Ensign's assistant for two years past; Adjutant Sabine and Captain Payne, stationed at Windsor; Captain Dan Hale, stationed at Essex; and other Officers, Bandsmen and Soldiers. Mr. R. K. Brace and Mr. Ne'son Brace, father and brother, represented the family.

After singing "My Jesus, I love Thee," and prayer, Colonel Sharp called on Brother Hawley to speak, which he did feelingly. He said:—"Eloquent words are not needed here to-day, for these lives were eloquent. The fragrance of their work and their memory is sweeter far than these beautiful floral tributes on their caskets. I watched them grow up into womanhood as well as into goodness, and was proud alike of their graces and of their growth in grace. To walk and live true to convictions was not easy for them, but they did not lack the courage to follow God. Their reward has come quick'y. This experience should appeal to all. Life is uncertain. Reason it truly and quickly, and if you are out of Christ, come to the One who saved our comrades. He will save you too."

Lt.-Colonel Scott next sang very feelingly, "My Home is There," in the chorus of which many joined.

Captain Cooper next spoke of Ensign Bertha's uniformly sweet character. They were greatly attached to each other. But she could bow and say, "My Father planned it all." The Ensign had lived for others. In talking one day, the Ensign had said to her, "My greatest pleasure is in just doing my duty." She felt her departed friend was of too much value to lose, but God knew best.

Captain Hale spoke with great emotion. He said: "God only knows what I have gone through these few days, yet I feel I must say a few words with reference to the loved ones who have gone and left me. My fondest hopes have perished; the brightest link has been broken. But God's will must be done, and I must believe that in some great wise way He has planned it all. I feel that I must trust Him to day—trust till the clouds are parted, and He reveals His precious will. They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death were not divided. I would not have it otherwise. We three all learned to put God first, and we arranged in anything to say only, 'If God will, that will we do.' I only pray Him to give me continual grace to carry out my consecration. I mean to let their influence lead me till I meet again the one I loved, and had such close and precious communion with."

Baumaster Willis, of Sarnia Corps, then sang, "Does Jesus Care?" with good effect, after which Lt.-Colonel Scott, representing the American Field, spoke of Daisy's faithful work and example at Boston Provincial Headquarters. He then enlarged on "Home." It was the sweetest word to him after Jesus. Salvation Officers come and go, have no abiding place, but invariably each will say, "I have a home that is fairer than day. For us all the distance is getting less, and Heaven nearer. Two dear sweet women from The Salvation Army in Sarnia have gone home. I would like you to look away from yonder river, and these two caskets side by side from this pain and sorrow, to Beautiful Home. I am glad they left an impression by their lives and work, that they were good and living for others. The Ensign, if she could make you hear to-day, would beckon and say, "Oh, Heaven is so beautiful; make ready to come." She is not here, but she speaks through her life.

Rev. Mr. Barrowcroft, of the Central Methodist Church, next read the Scripture lesson, I Cor., 15th chapter; and commented thereon. His words will long be remembered. He spoke of the greater work to which the Ensign has gone, which thought opened congenial visions of labour beyond, in contrast to the idea of rest. The Ensign and her sister had gone under sealed orders; had been taken hence to a larger field. They were yet proclaiming the glories of our King. He would like to hear someone say, in this impressive meeting, "Please God, I will follow them and follow Him. Their God shall be my God."

Lt.-Colonel Sharp then conveyed to the relatives, the comrades and friends at Sarnia, the deep sympathy of Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs, and Colonel and Mrs. Mapp, representing The Salvation Army of Canada. He well remembered when the Ensign volunteered as an Officer and took her stand; when she became willing to leave father, mother, sis-

ter, brother, yea, her own life, and took up her cross to follow and work for Jesus as an Officer. For seven years he had watched her every command, and saw in her a woman after God's own heart, whose one desire was to be a blessing to humanity. There are living monuments up and down the earth who stand as witnesses to her faithfulness. While we miss her, we would not call her back. God has a greater work for her to do. As for us, let us toil on, do our utmost, and embrace every opportunity of helping others to God. If Ensign could come back she would plead with all her heart for you to surrender if not saved, and if on the Lord's side, to consecrate yourself afresh for better service. Her reward would seem sweeter if from the heavenly battlements she could see some man or woman rise and say, "By God's help I will start for Heaven." "By His help I will surrender all." Who will fill the gap? Who will be a Soldier? Who will take her place?

The Colonel here gave out, "Were the whole realm of nature mine," and asked for decision and consecrations. Many held their hands up during the singing, and one dear woman came and knelt at the caskets.

Rev. Mr. Barrowcroft prayed and pronounced the benediction, after which Sarnia beheld a funeral procession with two hearses bearing two sisters to a common resting place. Beneath a lovely pine the caskets sank from view. Adjutant Sabine spoke, and, with wonderful fortitude, Captain Hale prayed.

It was pathetic to observe little children, Army Juniors, mingling their tears with those of mature age.

Lt.-Colonel Scott spoke on Paul's finished fight and waiting crown of glory. He was glad there was such a place as Beautiful Heaven—sweet place for weary spirits. Lt.-Colonel Sharp then read briefly the burial service, but it was long after the benediction that the concourse of people could leave the spot, seemingly loath to take the last look at the place where lay two girls, heroines for Christ, who had left their marks on other hearts, and who, though of few years on earth, had fought well the good fight of faith, and laid hold on eternal life.—W. A. Hawley.

A TRIBUTE TO HER LIFE.

By Major McGillivray.

It was on July 18th, 1897, that we crossed over by S. S. Stanley from Pictou, N.S., to Charlottetown, to take charge of the Corps and District. Among those who frequently attended our meetings was Bertha Brace, our glorified comrade. She confided in a Christian friend who loved The Army, and told her how God was calling her to be a Salvationist. She had for some time heard the call, but owing to difficulties in her way, held back until, as she afterwards told me, her faith was wavering, and while she had professed salvation, her experience had declined so as to make her feel she was drifting into a backslidden state.

Every meeting she attended only added to her discomfort. At last she asked if she could not attend knee-drill, and there make a full surrender to Christ, but this course to her appeared cowardly, as only a few would be there to see her take her stand by coming to the penitent form. She therefore decided to bear the cross and come out publicly.

This she did, and I can yet see her radiant face as she arose from her knees and spoke of her determination to follow Jesus all the way.

Then her real cross-bearing began, for she felt she should pray in her home, which she did, and all wondered and admired her spirit. Her prayers won her way to all hearts, and soon her sister Daisy, then a little girl, used to kneel and listen to Bertha pray, and shortly she was won for Christ.

I can see Bertha, as if only yesterday, that Sunday afternoon, standing just by the door of the Hall, when she called me and told me she felt she should march with us, asking if she should do so in face of any objections. I urged her not to be hasty, but if fully persuaded that it was God's call, then to obey Him at all costs, and victory would be sure. She stepped out into the ranks and marched under the colors, and continued to grow up into a devoted faithful Soldier of the "Corps by the Sea."

During our stay in Charlottetown several souls were won for God, and Professor Hawley named some of the new comrades The Army A B C. Our departed comrade was one of the number, taking the letter B for Brace, and, oh! how it rends the heart to know one link so precious is broken, but our loss is Heaven's gain.

I can truly say we never questioned her devotion. She possessed a strong will and a deep affection. Her countenance was the index to her soul. Her kind nature desired to help others, and soon she obeyed the call for Officership.

I can never forget the morning we said farewell at the wharf. As the boat moved out, among the comrades gathered to say good-bye were a number of our converts, among them our precious comrade, Bertha. It was my privilege to meet her several times after she became an Officer, and we were so pleased to mark her progress and success. When we read in the paper the sad account of the drowning of the two sisters, our hearts shed bitter tears, and our sympathy went out to the father and mother and family. We thought of her loss in the home, in the Corps, in the ranks as a promising, useful Officer, yet we are assured she has safely crossed "the bar," and reached the Homeland.

Our esteemed Brother Hawley took such an interest in all the converts, and his counsel and spirit has done much to influence the life of the departed and many others, and I felt I must drop a few lines as a tribute to two such loving devoted comrades.

It was after my stay in the Corps that Daisy Brace grew up and had taken her stand for Christ, and had a promising future before her. Truly, they were both beautiful in their lives, and they were not divided in death.

"Our home is beyond the tide, friend. Our home is beyond the tide; And many a loved one, speeding there,

Has vanished from our side. For us will the voiceless Charon soon With his muffled oar draw nigh, How thrills the heart with the thought of tones

Which ne'er from our hearts have died— Of the faces dear which we hope to greet

In our home beyond the tide!"

Our home is beyond the tide, friend,
Our home is beyond the tide;
And we must not sigh with a vain re-
gret,
For the ills which here betide;
But oft, from the heights of faith
sublime,

Gaze far o'er the darksome wave,
And bless our God for the rest from
care,

In the land beyond the grave;
The waves of sin surge no more
round the rock,

In the cleft of which we hide;
Oh, with longing hearts we wait the
call,

To our home beyond the tide. .

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN COOPER.

The following is part of a letter written by Captain Grace Cooper to the Chief Secretary. She says:—

"I am now beginning to realise the whole truth of it. Although I saw them both drowned, yet it has all been a dream to me. I don't think I shall ever forget it. The awful lonesomeness is hard to bear, but Jesus is helping me. It can truly be said of her that she lived for others. I have never known her to neglect duty for one moment's pleasure. She was a true and thorough Salvationist, and I thank God for the privilege of being stationed with her for so long.

She used to say to me: "Never leave your post until you are confident it is God's will, and that He has planned it for you." In talking to a comrade just after the last Soldier's meeting she led, she said: "Be true, whatever else you do. I shall be very much disappointed if I ever hear of you leaving the Flag." Those were her last words to that comrade. Her death, I believe, will do a great deal of good in the town. I am earnestly praying for this. When I think of it in this way, I can say, "Thy will be done." She has finished her work, and is now enjoying Heaven. She used to love to talk of Heaven, and what it would be like, and we (her sister and myself) were talking thus with her the day before her death. The few warm days we had were very trying on her, and she would get very weary in body. This is why she came to think of bathing. She thought she would be so refreshed afterwards, and have a good night's rest. Just a few days before she said to me: "Oh, I feel so tired and good for nothing. I feel that the Lord is soon going to take me to the Heaven above." Now she has gone. She wanted to die at her post. When she heard of Staff-Captain Manton's death, she said, "I should like to die something like that. I never want to be laid aside and feel that I was doing nothing for Him."

Her whole heart was right in her work for God.

To get along with a religion without sacrifice, would be similar to living on food without salt. While salt was never pleasant to my taste, I believe it necessary to my health. And while sacrifice does not agree with my feelings—it is just as necessary to my spiritual health and growth.

What I at one time thought was the greatest punishment for me to learn, has proved to be my greatest blessing, and the foundation of the small measure of success I have met with—work.

What We Should Be.

An Exhortation to Holiness of Life, by Morley L. Swart, of Williston, Alberta.

EXHORT one another daily, while it is called To-day; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin."—Heb. iii. 13.

Soldiers and Comrades, Let us be Strong!

That we may successfully fight the battles and perform the duties of life.

That we may prove to the world that it is gloriously possible to overcome every temptation and triumph over every foe.

That we may aid some weaker brother, fainting beneath life's heavy burdens.

Let Us Be True.

True to ourselves and our own best interests, and true to our comrades and friends. If, consciously or unconsciously, we have said or done anything to hurt their feelings, let us be manly enough to acknowledge our fault and seek their forgiveness. Above all, let us be true to God. He has given us health and strength, and the free gift of salvation. Let us return thanks by rendering Him a true-hearted, whole-hearted service.

Let Us Be Pure.

Pure in our daily conversation, keeping our tongues from evil and our lips from speaking guile.

Let us be pure in our thoughts. It is true that looseness of thought very often leads to looseness of life. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. Let us keep our heart diligently, for out of it are the issues of life.

If we are pure in our speech and pure in our thoughts, we will surely live pure lives. Like Tennyson's Sir Galahad, it may be said of us, "His strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure."

Let Us Be Kind.

Kind to the erring ones. It may be they are more sinned against than sinning, and

A word of love in kindness spoken
May heal a heart that is bruised and
broken.

How often a kindly word, or look, or pressure of the hand, has won men and women to the better life when all other means have utterly failed.

Let us then be kind to each other, and to all of God's creatures, for "There's nothing so kingly as kindness."

Let Us Be Brave.

There is as great need for moral courage as ever there was. True, we do not suffer from open persecution as we once did, but there is still the scoff and sneer and laugh of ridicule which is often harder to bear. Constantly we need the courage of our convictions to speak and live for Christ amid worldly and sinful men, among whom we may labour, or with whom we may be associated. Oh, how many timid Christians there are in the world to-day—weak and fearful, when they should be strong and courageous! Let the lives of Christian heroes, from Stephen and Paul to Wesley and Booth, inspire us to face every hardship and brave every danger for the sake of Christ, our Redeemer.

Let Us Be Helpful.

How many there are around us who need our help and practical sympathy, yet we often pass them unheeding by. If we would forget our own trials and troubles, let us engage in labours of love for others, and stretch out a helping hand to the sinful and despairing. We may not be able to do very much, but even a little act of kindness done in the Master's name will bring its reward, and may tell for time and eternity.

Let Us Be Gentle.

I have in my mind now an Army Captain in one of our western cities who, though she is not greatly gifted, has such a kindly, gentle way in her manner and expression that her life has become a blessing to many.

(To be continued.)

Salvation will not interfere with your progress—only with your sins.



Some S.D. Champions of Fort William.

Reading from left to right: Top Row—Brother F. Watson, Brother A. Rheumer, Ensign Crego and Lieutenant Toth. Second Row—Sister Lansbury, Father Maddock and Mrs. Ensign Crego.

PERSONALITIES.

Brigadier Noble, of London, Eng., visited Seaforth on Sunday, July 25. The Brigadier assisted in the Corps meeting.

* *

Major Cass, who has just returned from the Staff College to his Divisional appointment in Illinois, called in at T. H. Q. on Monday, July 26th. Many old Canadian comrades were glad to see him.

* *

Staff-Captain Burrows, also of the land of the Stars and Stripes, and formerly of the Canadian Field, took a look around Headquarters on the same day. He is spending his furlough on this side of the line, where he is well known.

* *

According to a cable received at T. H. Q., Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Pugmire have arrived safely in the Motherland, after a fair voyage across the Atlantic.

* *

Adjutant and Mrs. Knight, of Brantford, together with Mr. Knight, the Adjutant's father, called in at T. H. Q. a few days ago. The old gentleman was especially pleased to see Lieut.-Colonel Southall, who many years ago, opened the Corps in his home town—Charlottetown, P.E.I.

* *

Adjutant Tudge, of Winnipeg, accompanied the body of the late Captain Horwood from Winnipeg to London, Ont. The Adjutant came on to Toronto on Tuesday, July 27th.

* *

Mrs. Ensign Broughton, of Chicago, paid a visit to Toronto last week. She assisted in Colonel Taylor's meeting at Riverdale, on Sunday, July 25th.

* *

Lieut. E. J. Oxford, of Little Ward's Harbour, writes us saying that four issues of the War Cry were delayed in the mail, and were unexpectedly handed over to her at one time. "Nevertheless," she says, "they were such a treat that the people bought them like hot cross buns, and we sold out."

* *

Captain Holland is returning to the West, having fully recovered from her recent operation.

* *

Captain and Mrs. Weir, late of Simcoe, have been appointed to Galt.

* *

Lieut. E. M. Thompson, of St. John, N.B., has undergone two operations. She is making some improvement in her physical condition, we are happy to say, and hopes before long to be at the battle's front once more.

* *

Captain and Mrs. Hurd have been appointed to take charge of Tweed, Ont.

* *

Captain Bunton has been appointed to Yorkville. On Sunday, July 25th, he was welcomed.

* *

Lieut. Hamilton, late of Reid Ave. Corps, Toronto, has been appointed to Rossland, B.C. At Medicine Hat the Lieutenant paid a passing visit, the people very much appreciating the words of the "Scotch lassie," as they termed her.

* *

As holiness is "wholeness," holiness with holes cannot be.

WAR CRY.

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Another Trumpet Call.

Who will Help to Fill the Gaps! A Splendid Opportunity for Consecrated Young Men and Women.

Every day incidents are ever reminding us of the fleeting character of earthly things, and sound a clarion call to duty. That duty is to honour God first, and its counterpart is heroic service on behalf of our fellows. The glory of the Father, meant to Jesus the offer of Himself for the blessing and salvation of the race. The one seems to be the complement of the other.

* * *

Is this aspect conspicuous in your service? Or are you content with a sort of religious routine, which affords a certain amount of self-satisfaction, but is not characterised by any real accomplishment in the salvation of others, because you are not prepared to pay the price? Contemplate the brevity of life, how fading the joys of the world, and then in the light of eternity, ask yourself if you—it doesn't matter about others for the moment—are spending your life to the best advantage. A little honest self-examination now may save you many regrets later, and in a dying hour. Think! think! think!!!

* * *

We have sustained the loss of two brilliant young Officers within the past few weeks, by sudden promotion to the ranks above. Will you be one to help fill the gap? Face your own heart as to your responsibility to God and the souls of men—and then act!

* * *

If some one reads this appeal who has hesitated in the past, surely the beautiful testimony given by the late Ensign Brace, only a short time ago, should help you to decide at once. Here is a part of her experience:

"As a Field Officer in The Salvation Army, I am engaged in a work that gives me the greatest satisfaction in mind and soul, and contributes in a really wonderful way to the health of my body. Before becoming an Officer I was very delicate; some thought I was consumptive, but the open-air work and the conditions of my present mode of living have been the making of me. I was also naturally very backward and shy, but God has given me grace to spend my life in a way that is pleasing to Him. . . . Let who will seek after fame, wealth and pleasure of the world. I want only to live and die an Officer in The Salvation Army."

* * *

The next Session opens at the Training College on September 16th. If you have decided to consecrate your life to God and the War, write the D. O. or P. C. to-day, or to Lieut.-Colonel Southall, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

The Last Moments of Captain Lucy Horwood Headquarters' Notes.

"I have Done all I Could, Come, Jesus Come"

Further details are now to hand concerning the promotion to Glory of Captain Lucy Horwood. The following letter is from Staff-Captain Coombs. He says:—

"About 2 a.m., on Monday morning, July 19th, I was called to the phone by Major Morris, who had just arrived in Calgary from Vancouver, on his way, with Mrs. Morris and Staff Captain Wakefield, to Fernie, B.C., where Captain Lucy Horwood had met w'h a very serious accident, and was reported to be lying at the point of death. Just as the train was pulling out from Calgary, another wire reached us, saying she had passed away. On reaching Fernie at 9:30 p.m., we learned the particulars, and found out that whle the Band were having their weekly practice on Thursday evening, the Captain and her Lieutenant had gone to visit some comrades a little way out, and take tea w'th them. On return'g they were brought back on a hand car. All had gone well, and a pleasant time was spent, until they had arrived near home. Captain Horwood had got off the car, and then, while the car was in motion, went to jump on again to ride a little further, when the handle of the car came in contact with her head, bending over and breaking the spinal cord. As she fell, she was heard to say, 'My poor father!' and then said, 'Don't touch me; I will be dead in a few minutes.' She never had any use of her body from the shoulders down after. All that could be done from that time by doctors, nurse, and loving comrades, was done, but she felt that she had to go very soon, and talked over all the matters of the Corps with Lieut. Richards, her assistant. She also spoke of her loved ones, especially her sister, Ensign Nellie Horwood, who she knew was on her way from Vernon, B.C., in order to be at her side. She did not arrive in time to see her alive, however. The Captain said: 'Tell Ensign Nellie I am so tired, I cannot wait any longer,' then closing her eyes, said, 'Come, Jesus, come,' and all her struggles on earth were over.

"A service was conducted in the Hall on Tuesday afternoon by Major and Mrs. Morris, who had come to comfort and do all they could in the hour of bereavement. The service was very impressive, and many lives were consecrated afresh to God. Captain Davidson and Lieut. Richards, who had been stationed with the Captain, each spoke of the great blessing she had been to them, and said that the influence of her life upon theirs would follow them. Staff-Captain Wakefield, who had known the family for some years, spoke of the beautiful character and earnest devotion that had been manifested in the life of the departed; she had lived for others. Mrs. Major Morris soothed very tenderly, 'In that beautiful land, in a far away strand.' The Bible lesson was read by your humble servant, who had known the departed since she was a little girl of five years old, when the family first landed in Ingersoll, Ont. When stationed in London, Ont., he had enrolled her in the Senior Corps from the Junior, also commissioned her as

Junior Sergeant, and had seen her beautiful, Christlike life, fully given up from a little girl to her work of saving souls. Major Morris spoke of the great value he put on her services, and of the faithful Officer she had been, never causing one anxious thought during the time she had been stationed under him. The Major then made a very earnest appeal for all to give themselves up fully to God, and live in read'ness to meet Him at any time.

"At 7:30 p.m. a procession formed, headed by the Band, and marched slowly to the station. The streets were lined by hundreds of people, who stood with hats lifted and eyes filled with tears, while the remains of one who had been so faithful, and was loved by all, were placed on the train for London, Ont., where the body will be laid at rest with her mother and sister, who have gone on before.

"Five of the bearers had been enrolled as Soldiers while the Captain was stationed at Fernie. One man was heard to say on the street, 'I might have been in jail to-day if it had not been for that dear girl; she helped me to God.' Wires were received from all parts of the Dominion by the Ensign, expressing sympathy, and assuring prayers for her and the bereaved ones.

"Captain Lucy Horwood, while suffering great pain, and feeling that the time had come for her to say farewell to earth, was able to say, repeatedly, 'I have done all I could, and my work is done.' Reader, will you be able to say that?"

A Newspaper Report of the Accident.

The following account of the accident is taken from a local paper. It says:—

"Captain Horwood, with Lieutenant Richards, Mrs. Bullock and her children, had been enjoying a ride on a G. N. hand car on Thursday evening, taking a trip up to the big cut bank, where the fire fugitives remained on the night of August 1st, 1908. The merry party had returned about 10 o'clock, and had already dismounted from the 'pumper.' As the men were taking the car into its little shed, Captain Horwood exclaimed, 'I'm going to have another little ride!' and suiting action to word she hopped to a seat on the rear of the car. As she did so her body swayed back farther than she intended, and the descending handle of the car struck her on the back of the head, stunning her, as her friends thought, into a state of collapse.

Loving friends picked her up and only then was the full horror of the accident revealed to them. The unfortunate Captain was completely paralyzed from the neck down, and though in full possession of her senses, was absolutely inert.

"A stretcher was hastily provided, and she was carried to the Officers' home and medical assistance called. Then it was found that the spinal cord had been injured at the neck, and that her chances of recovery were nil. The neck did not appear to be broken, nor any of the vertebrae fractured, but conditions pointed to irreparable damage to the cord."

Territorial Headquarters,

27th July, 1909.

The Commissioner is busy with conferences with The General, Chief of the Staff, and Foreign Secretary. He has accomplished a good deal that will work out in the interests of our Territory. According to the latest message from the Commissioner, both Mrs. Coombs and he are keeping well.

* * *

Our comrades, especially those in Toronto and near by, will be pleased to hear that the National Staff Band from New York will be paying a visit to Toronto on Thursday and Friday, August 19th and 20th. Our friend Colonel McIntyre will be at the head of the visitors. Fuller particulars regarding their meetings in the city will be published later.

* * *

Ensign Bristow has been adorned with a Star. We congratulate our new Adjutant. He received the news on the day of his wedding at St. John's.

* * *

Captain White, who has been assisting at the Montreal Metropole, has been appointed to take charge of the St. John's Metropole, Newfoundland.

* * *

At the time of dictating these notes, the Chief Secretary is on a visit to Kingston, Quebec and Montreal. He is accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Howell and Brigadier Potter, in the interests of their respective departments. While in Montreal an interesting meeting will take place at the French Corps on the Tuesday night.

* * *

The Chief Secretary has received the following wire from Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, regarding the memorial service of our departed comrades, Ensign and Sister Brace:—

"Glorious finish memorial service. Twenty-five souls. Deepest sympathy manifested."

A letter is just to hand from Brigadier Connell, describing the memorial service conducted at Boston by himself and Mrs. Connell for Sister Brace, who was a Soldier in that city. The Brigadier says: "In connection with the memorial service conducted by Mrs. Connell and myself in Boston yesterday, at No. II. Corps, in the afternoon, where Daisy, was a Soldier and Secretary of the Corps, twenty-seven men and women came to the altar, and at night, at the Palace, where a similar service was held, eleven men and women came forward, some being very definite conversions. The meetings were laden with the hallowed Spirit of God, and the large crowds attending were greatly blessed."

* * *

The Chief Secretary returned to T. H. Q. on Wednesday morning, after a very busy and useful time in Quebec and Montreal. Assisted by Brigadier Potter, a thorough inspection of the spiritual, financial, and other sides of the different institutions was made. Lieut.-Colonel Howell was present in connection with Immigration affairs.

* * *

We are pleased to report that Salvation affairs generally in Quebec and Montreal are doing excellently. Great

(Continued on page 11)

THE LIFE AND CONVERSION OF A CRIMEAN VETERAN.

Bandsman J. Liddle, of Riverdale, tells the story of his Adventurous Military Career; also, how he found the Saviour.

MY father being a soldier in the Scots Guards, I was, I may say, a born soldier, and knew nothing of any other kind of life until I was fourteen years of age. I attended the Regimental School, and got along very well, but when I was eleven years of age I told my parents that I was going to enlist in the Regiment as a drummer. They strongly urged me not to do so, saying that I was too small, and that my father's period of service was almost expired. I was determined to enlist, however, and so one day, all unknown to my parents, I went off to the headquarters of the regiment in Whitehall, and asked to see Colonel Barclay-Drummond. He ordered me to be measured, and found that I was four feet and three quarters of an inch tall. I was told, therefore, to come back in six months' time to see if I had grown any.

That six months was an anxious time for me, and I used to measure myself every week to see if I was getting taller. Finally the time came for me to see the Colonel again, and this time I measured four feet, three and three-quarter inches. The Colonel then gave me a note to the Sergeant-Major of the battalion, telling him to enlist me, provided my father was willing. I had worried my parents so much during the six months I had been waiting that they withheld their consent no longer and so I joined the 1st battalion of the Scots Guards on the 5th November, 1846.

I can assure you I was a very proud boy when I received my uniform. The big bearskin hat especially delighted me. It was nearly half as big as myself, being the same sort as they gave to the six-footers. I was drummer in the Guards for three and a-half years, and then my father bought my discharge. By this time he was pensioned off and living in Glasgow.

I was then apprenticed to a carpenter. Shortly afterwards I met with a serious accident whilst hauling logs on a canal, and was carried away to a hospital with a broken thigh. I recovered so completely, however, that I was able to walk without a limp, for which I thank God.

A few years later, whilst reading in the papers about the prospective war with Russia, the peculiar fascination of military life came over me once again, and I longed to go to the front. I enlisted in the 72nd Highlanders, therefore, which regiment was under orders for the Crimea. After going through a recruits' course, I was sent to join the regiment at Cork, and soon after we embarked on H.M.S. "Neptune," and set sail for Russia.

Upon reaching Malta, we were set to work loading the ship with shot and shell, and powder. It was a backbreaking job, and we were not sorry when we received orders to proceed on our journey. In due time the transport sailed into Balaklava Bay and was then ordered to proceed to Kertch. On the way thither,

cholera broke out, and it was no uncommon thing for three or four corpses to be thrown overboard in the course of a day. One morning eight were committed to the deep before breakfast. The surgeon was at his wits end to know how to stay the ravages of this scourge and in desperation he ordered extra rations of rum to be issued. The atmosphere below decks was now fast becoming unbearable. Men were falling ill so quick, that one mess table after another had to be taken for hospital purposes, and at last there was only a sailcloth dividing the living from the sick and dying.

We were all packed together like sardines in a box, and it was a great relief to us, therefore, when at last we got to Kertch. The sights that now met our eyes cannot be described. Suffice it to say that the blood-thirsty Turks had been there before us, and had made desolate the homes of hundreds of peasants. The regiment was now ordered to Sebastopol, and here we had our share of trench duty. I well remember the first night we went into the trenches. The officer of my company received orders to place a row of sentries along the trench, as the commander, (the late Sir Colin Campbell) expected a sortie that night. Twelve men were picked out, and I had to march them to their positions. I was Lance-Corporal then. Whew! how the shots whistled around us! We had to crawl along on our hands and knees, and I was very glad when my duty was done and I got back to the trench in safety. I had not been back many minutes, however, before Sir Colin came along and asked why the enemy were directing their fire so much on that particular place. He wanted to know where his sentries were placed, as he could not see them. The officer replied that they were outside the trench, and then Sir Colin told him that he had mistaken his orders, for he had ordered the sentries to be placed inside the trench. The men were not long in getting inside, you may be sure. I well remember, too, that during the night one of the sentries gave the alarm that the enemy was approaching. We were all lying down in the trench with our overcoats thrown over us, and some were sleeping, but we speedily sprang up when the order "stand to arms" rang out. It proved to be a false alarm, however. The enemy made a good many sorties though, after that, but we always repulsed them, and took a good many prisoners.

Things went on like this till June 18th, when the French took the Mamelon and the English stormed the quarries and rifle pits. Some time after that, the Highland division was sent to a place called Kamara, to guard the Boronoff Road. Whilst we were stationed here, the battle of Tchernaya was fought.

On September 5th, 1855, orders came for us to march to the front and take part in the storming of the Redan. The French troops had the task of capturing the Malakoff and

briskly they advanced to the attack. The hoisting of their tri-coloured flag over the Malakoff was to be the signal for the British to advance, and only fifteen minutes elapsed between the time they started to scale the steep heights, and the time their flag waved over the captured position. The English troops then rushed forward, but they had a far more difficult task, and hundreds of brave fellows went down under the galling fire of the Russians before they succeeded in gaining the parapet. It was a terrible day for us. After dark we had a very busy time picking up the wounded and taking them to the hospital. I felt so utterly worn out before morning that I prayed for a round shot to strike me and end it all. How often since my conversion, have I thanked God that He did not answer that foolish prayer. At that time I did not think much about eternal matters. I had a vague idea that if a man died fighting for his country he would go to heaven. I have learned better since.

Everything was now quiet in the Russian lines and we began to suspect that something unusual was taking place. A captain of my regiment therefore, volunteered to go over to the Redan and see what was happening, and a few of the men offered to go with him. After climbing over the dead bodies lying in the ditch, they got inside the works and met with some drunken Russians, who had been loaded up with raki (a Russian drink) in order to nerve them for the task of blowing up the magazines. When the captain returned he reported that the Russians were evacuating Sebastopol, and intended to blow up their forts. We could see them crossing over on pontoon bridges. As soon as they were safely over, the explosions commenced. Talk about fireworks—I have never seen anything to equal it. Shortly afterwards peace was proclaimed, and my regiment was ordered home to Aldershot, in England. We were there inspected by Queen Victoria.

We then went to Guernsey, in the Channel Islands, and, as drink was very cheap there, I often got into trouble through imbibing too freely. From there we went to Shorncliffe. As I was anxious to see my mother, I now applied for a furlough, but it was refused because of my bad conduct.

Mother sent me my fare, however, and as I did not like to write and tell her that I had been misbehaving myself, I made up my mind to take French leave. I managed to deceive the sentry, therefore, and slipping out of the camp, got on the train and reached London safely. In London, however, I met with some of my old chums of the Scots Guards, and spent the night in a carouse, with the result that I spent all my money. I did not know what to do now, but, hearing that a boat was leaving for Leith that day, I determined to go on board and ask the captain to trust me for the passage money. He asked me to give him something as

a pledge of my good faith, and I handed him my medals. During the trip, he told the cabin passengers about me, and they subscribed sufficient to pay my fare to Glasgow.

Upon reaching home, everyone was very glad to see me, of course, and for a week I went around visiting old friends. I then began to think that if I went back to the regiment I would be tried by Court Martial for desertion, and so I decided not to return to military life. I got into civilian clothes again, therefore, and went to my old master, who gave me a job. I now lived a haunted life. Every time I saw any soldiers coming, my conscience would prick me, and I feared lest they were coming to arrest me. Thus it went on for eleven months. Then the Indian Mutiny broke out and my regiment was ordered to Bombay. The war fever got hold of me once again, and I felt I had to go back to soldiering. I could have enlisted in another regiment, but then I would always have lived in dread of being found out, so I thought it best to go back to the 72nd. I gave myself up to the authorities, therefore, and was imprisoned in the Dyke Street prison, waiting for an escort to take me to the regimental depot at Aberdeen. Two weeks later I was tried by a District Court Martial, and sentenced to four months' hard labour in Greenlaw Military Prison. At last I got to the regimental depot, and the first news I heard was that I was to form one of a draft of men for India. I was appointed Salt-water Sergeant-Major of the draft—which means that I held that rank temporarily until we reached our destination. Our route lay around the Cape of Good Hope in those days, and so it was 141 days before we got to Bombay. We at once started on a march inland, and soon reached Mhow, where my regiment was stationed. My company was then ordered to pursue one of the rebel commanders named Tantee Topee. We had some very hard forced marches, most of them being at night, and in the end the wily enemy eluded us. This was very discouraging, after such a lot of chasing. We then returned to Mhow, and settled down to ordinary barrack life. Drunkenness was very prevalent in our regiment at this time, and I was one of the worst offenders in this respect. We were only allowed a certain amount of liquor per day from the canteen, but so great was my craving for it, that I would buy what we used to call "B'lystink" from the natives, and when I could not get that I would drink Eau-de-Cologne. I was corporal at this time, and earned good money, so that I was able to pay for as much liquor as I could get. My downfall was near at hand, however. One night a brother corporal invited me to his wedding. Liquor passed around pretty freely, and I expect we were noisy, for the sergeant of the guard came over and put me under arrest. As a result I lost my position as regimental postman. The

(Continued on page 11.)

The Week-End's Despatches.

Some Encouraging News on this Page.

In Spite of Hot Weather some good Soul-Saving Campaigns are being Carried on.

COLONEL WRIGHT AND ENSIGN BRISTOW.

Unexpected Visitors at Montreal I.

Montreal I.—We were very pleased to have two Officers in the persons of Colonel Wright and Ensign Bristow drop in unexpectedly upon us and conduct the meetings on Sunday, July 1st. It was arranged that the Colonel should lead morning and evening, and Ensign Bristow in the afternoon. The holiness meeting was good indeed, the Colonel speaking for some time upon the blessedness of the "Real Christian Life."

Ensign Bristow appeared all smiles in the afternoon, and received a real hearty welcome from his old friends and comrades. He led us in one of his characteristic, lively Sunday afternoon meetings. Everyone wished him much joy in his new appointment.

At night the Colonel gave a splendid address upon the subject, "God is love." The fine audience assembled appreciated this very much, and a welcome awaits the Colonel at No. I, if he should come again.—T. A. Burton, Ensign.

SURPRISED THE CAPTAIN.

Bracebridge.—Officers and Soldiers and friends together spent an enjoyable time on Wednesday evening, July 21st, when a surprise farewell tea was held for Captain Jones, who has spent twelve months in our midst, labouring for the Master. Captain Lloyd, Captain Tiller, Captain Sturden from Haileybury, and the Gravenhurst Officers, Captain Phillips and Captain Cook, and Lieutenant were with us. About sixty people sat down and partook of the good things prepared by the kind Soldiers and friends. Just as we were partaking of our fruit, in came a photographer, and he took a "flash-light" of the group. God bless the Captain.—Mrs. R. McQuaid.

THEY GOT DESPERATE.

Dovercourt was favoured with a recital of "A Revival in the North of Scotland" on Thursday, July 22nd. Brother Neill related his experiences during that period. On Sunday everybody was desperate for God and souls, and after being "at it" from seven in the morning, the forces were divided at night, and several open-air meetings were held, which, including marches, covered between four and five miles of streets and avenues.

At the inside meeting Capt. Hurd read the lesson. There were several other Officers present. A backslider took another plunge into the soul-cleansing fountain.

Hillsonburg has extended a hearty welcome to Captain R. Bourn and Lieut. Gray. Sunday meetings were well attended, and finances good. We are expecting a break in the enemy's ranks.

COLONEL TAYLOR, OF I. H. Q.,

Visits Riverdale on Sunday, July 18.

Special interest was manifested in the meetings at Riverdale on Sunday last. Colonel Taylor, of International Headquarters, London, Eng., was the leader of both the morning and afternoon services, in which Adjutant McElheney assisted. Mrs. Ensign Broughton, of Chicago, was also present, and spoke during the meeting. The Colonel's address was on Isaiah's figure in chapter xxxv, 1: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice and bloom as the rose." His application to the "blossoming" life of holiness was apt, and much blessing was received.

At night the Hall was well filled. Major Phillips conducted the preliminaries, and Ensign Stitt gave a short address. Adjutant McElheney announced his farewell meetings. Many sighs and oh's were heard.

Colonel Taylor's address on St. John's vision of the last days of the earth as recorded in the Revelation, was alike powerful and heart-stirring, and at the close of the prayer meeting eight souls sought Christ's cleansing blood.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. HOWELL SAY GOOD-BYE.

Sunday, July 11th, was a good day at London I. Large crowds attended our meetings all day. In the evening Adjutant and Mrs. Howell said good-bye. Several comrades spoke of the many blessings they had received from these two devoted Officers. During their twenty months' stay here they have done good work, and indeed have proved themselves true ambassadors of Jesus Christ, loved and esteemed by everyone with whom they came in contact. Four souls sought pardon at the close of the meetings.

On Tuesday, July 13th, a large crowd gathered in the large Hall to enjoy a J. S. demonstration, entitled, "The Bible and the Cross."—Emily.

SERGT. MAJOR ROBERTSON FAREWELLS.

We had a good weekend at the Temple. Sunday started well with an attendance of 35 at knee-drill. The Band rendered excellent service all day. At night we were sorry to hear the farewell words of our worthy Sergeant-Major Robertson, who is going to Palmerston. He will be greatly missed. Captain Lauri Clark also farewelled for Grace Hospital, Winnipeg. During the prayer meeting six souls knelt at the mercy seat. We had a converts' testimony meeting as a wind up, and about twenty of those who have recently been saved gave good testimonies.

Welland.—Captain Hunt is at present leading on. Captain Boynton is on furlough. Fifteen souls have sought the Saviour in ten days.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT WYCHWOOD.

Seekers After Salvation.

Sunday, July 18th, was a day of great blessing in Wychwood. Captain Snellgrove, who, with Lieut. Edwards, had farewelled the previous week, was with us as a "special" all day. It was the occasion of the memorial services for our late Commanding Officer, Ensign Brace. Capt. Snellgrove delivered a searching address in the holiness meeting, at the close of which seven comrades re-consecrated themselves to God and the War. Intense earnestness characterised the meetings all day. One dear aged man came to Jesus at the close of the afternoon meeting. At the night meeting Captain Sparks led on, Captain Snellgrove assisting in a most able manner. Several of the comrades who, during the stay of Ensign Brace, had been most intimate with her, spoke of her earnestness and devotion, and reminded sinners and backsliders of the many and solemn warnings they had received from her lips. After a well-fought prayer meeting, two souls surrendered to Jesus. Suitable music was rendered by the Band and Songsters.—Queer Fellow.

ECHOES FROM THE TELEPHONE CITY.

Brantford.—On Thursday, July 22nd, Sergeant Wimble gave an interesting talk on his visit to Europe, describing the different incidents that occurred during his three months' stay there, the Songsters helping with the meeting. On Saturday night the Band gave an ice cream social on the lawn next the Hall. Two new marches from the latest Journal, entitled "Good News," and the "Ringing Song March," were rendered. On Sunday good meetings were held all day. At night the salvation meeting was led by Mrs. Capt. Johnson. At the close we had four souls at the mercy seat.—F. D.

WHAT PAINT DOES.

D. O. Pays Visit.

Berlin.—The Barracks has been beautifully painted on the outside, which makes quite a difference, and, according to the public sentiment, it "looks 100 per cent. better." The work was done by the writer and two prominent Locals, J. S. S.-M. Schroeder and Treasurer Pequegnat. Our D. O. Major Hay, was here a few days ago, and during his stay he conducted a salvation meeting. In the prayer meeting a young man gave his heart to God. He came to the next meeting, and was the first to testify. Our work in general is making steady progress.—J. W. Beecroft.

CAPTAIN BACKUS AT FAIRVILLE.

Fairville.—Captain Backus has again paid us a visit with a most interesting service. Lieut. Allen, our C. O., had the Orange Hall for the occasion. It was full when the meeting commenced. The people were well pleased with the service, "Fighting for the Queen." The Lieutenant has farewelled after a short but successful stay. He has gone to Hillsboro. We are looking forward to the visit of Captain Gilkinson.—Reporter.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. ADBY.

Conduct Campaign in the Electric City.

Peterborough.—We have just finished fourteen days' revival campaign conducted by Brigadier and Mrs. Adby, resulting in twelve souls coming to the mercy seat for salvation, and five for consecration. The meetings were inspiring times. The public, from the opening night, when they assembled at the street corner to await the arrival of our leader, co-operated with us. The writer overheard someone call the Brigadier "Sunny." He certainly was. A valuable addition, in the person of Mrs. Adby, arrived on July 17th. She received a hearty welcome. The duets rendered by the Brigadier and his wife had a telling effect on the hearts of the congregations. The Brigadier, being a great singer, quickly turned his attention to the Songster Brigade, whom he soon brought into action, and many trios and quartettes were well rendered, to the delight of the people. We were also favoured with two interesting lectures, the first entitled, "Songs that have Helped," and the second, entitled, "From the World's End to The Salvation Army Platform, or, Men I Have Met." These addresses were both pleasing, instructive and inspiring, and were greatly enjoyed. The visit of the Brigadier and his wife will long be remembered. We shall look for another visit at no distant date.—C. Harrison.

ALL ROUND PROGRESS.

Hamilton, Ber.—Since the arrival of Ensign and Mrs. Smith, the Corps has made progress. We have started united meetings every Monday night at the different Corps on the Isle.

On Monday, July 12th, we made the journey to St. George's, and spent a most profitable and enjoyable time, crowds of people attending. The Band, under the leadership of Bandmaster Simmons, rendered some nice selections. After the meeting ice cream was served. (Thank you, Captain Patrick. On Sunday afternoon the meeting was led by the Loca's, and one soul knelt at the cross.

TIDINGS FROM MONTREAL IV.

Montreal IV.—Ensign and Mrs. Burry led the meetings on July 18th. A sister claimed full salvation, and a backslider returned to God. A welcome to Brother and Sister Kemp and family was extended at night. The Corps Quartette sang "Lead Kindly Light." The Band boys are struggling on, although most of the Bandsmen have farewelled for other battlefields. Captain Torrance has started a Directory Class for the Young People.—A. Brookes.

GOOD SIGNS AT CAMPBELLFORD.

Ensign Meeks and Lieut. Wood have taken charge of this Corps. Already there are signs of brighter days, our congregations are larger, and finances are better than they have been for some considerable time. With the continued efforts of our new Officers we shall have a good Corps here, and more than all, we shall see souls born again.—Bell.

Corps Jottings.

Dog Bay.—Three souls have been saved during the past week.

Paradise Sound.—Adjutant Ogilvie has visited our Corps. A backslider returned to God. Fourteen persons have recently given God their hearts.

Ensign McKim and Captain Stewart have been welcomed to St. Catharines. Lieut. Kinkade was with us for three weeks previous to their arrival. Six seekers.

Bay Bull's Arm.—On Sunday, July 18th, six souls sought salvation.

Belle Island.—Staff-Captain and Mrs. Barr have visited us. Three wanderers returned to the fold. On Monday the Staff-Captain gave a lantern service. During the day the visitors went down an iron mine, and out a mile and a half under Conception Bay.

Lieut. Olsen has farewelled from Sudbury, and Lieut. Jennings has been welcomed.

Halifax I.—Brigadier and Mrs. Morahan were here on Sunday, July 18th. The meetings and afternoon lecture on "Wonderful Trophies of Grace," were interesting and profitable. Two souls claimed pardon.

Brantford.—At our Saturday night open-air (July 17th) the sweet singing of one of our visitors, Mrs. Capt. Johnson and son, drew a large crowd. The Captain, who is from Oneida, helped with the meetings during the week-end. On Sunday our old friend Sergeant Wimble, who has just returned from the old country, was with us. He is giving the story of his travels on Thursday. At night one soul came out for salvation.—F. D.

HEADQUARTERS NOTES.

(Continued from page 8.)

credit is due to Majors Taylor and Patterson, and also Staff-Captain Bloss and the other comrades.

The last of the items of the Chief Secretary's programme was a meeting at the French Corps. Adjutant Cabrit, who will soon have an assistant, has done a noble and praiseworthy work. Everybody speaks most highly of her services. The open-air and in-door meetings were well attended; great interest was manifested and close attention given.

When one comes to think of the magnificent work being done by our different Officers, such as Adjutant Taylor and her assistant at the Women's Shelter in Montreal, we are overwhelmed with the brave, self-denying, Christ-like spirit exhibited. We are truly proud of these dear comrades.

Brigadier Hargrave, who has been on furlough in the Old Country, will have taken up the reins once again by the time these notes are in print. All in the Province will be glad to see him back.

Colonel Taylor, who has been spending a few days on this side in connection with Immigration matters, returns by the S. S. Empress this week.

THE LIFE AND CONVERSION OF A CRIMEAN VETERAN.

(Continued from page 9.)

next time I got drunk I was tried by Regimental Court Martial and reduced to the rank and pay of a private. Orders then came for us to proceed to Sattara. At this place a queer adventure happened to me. I and two others were sent to the native bazaar one day to purchase some articles for the captain of our Company. It was in the heat of the day and we go; terribly thirsty, but could obtain no liquor anywhere. As we were on our way homeward, we passed a tank full of water. I made a rush for it, and laying down flat on the pavement took a long, refreshing drink. Before I could get up, I was seized by two native policemen, and in a shorter time than I could tell you, nearly all the inhabitants of the town had gathered around me, yelling for my blood. I was taken before the magistrate and pleaded ignorance of native customs. He then told me that I had broken the caste of a great number of people by drinking out of the tank. Meanwhile the infuriated mob was howling outside for my punishment, and, if it had not been for the police, I believe they would have torn me to pieces. I was kept in the police station all night, and in the morning an escort from my regiment came and conducted me back to the caoutchouc.

After eight years in India, my regiment was ordered home to Scotland again, and I now took my discharge. My mother had emigrated to Canada while I was in India, and she now sent for me to come to her. Before I went, I thought I would get married, and so it happened that two of us set out for Canada. I first went to St. Mary's, Ont., where my mother was keeping house for her brother. I then went to Exeter, where I worked for about five years. When work got scarce, I went to Kalamazoo, Mich., and my wife went home to Scotland. She soon wrote for me to join her, saying that a job was waiting for me, so I crossed the ocean again and worked in the carriage shop of the Caledonia Railway Works, at Glasgow. It was while working there that I first saw The Salvation Army. I had been out all night with an old soldier chum, and had just gone out of a shebeen (as the unlicensed liquor places are called) when I saw an Army procession. I thought they were lunatics, as they were shouting Hallelujah! and cutting up a good many capers. I saw no more of them till a few Sundays later, when I, with my wife, met them as we were going home from an evangelistic meeting. I was trying hard at this time to give up the drink and overcome my bad habits, but found it too hard a task in my own strength. It was raining hard on this particular morning, and my wife said, "They must be earnest Christians to be out on a morning like this."

"If ever I become a follower of Christ," I replied, "it will be in The Salvation Army."

My wife and I went to their meeting, which was held over a wagon shop, and both of us were much impressed with the testimonies that were given. We talked about it a good deal during the week, and made up our mind to go again on the following Sunday night. While the Captain was preaching, my wife got

up and went right out to the penitent form. I followed her, and prayed to God to forgive my black past, and promised to serve Him faithfully in the future. That was on the 9th of October, 1881. Thank God, I am still in the fight.

In 1887 we again came to Canada, and, after residing in Listowel for a while came to Toronto and joined the Riverdale Corps. My wife was promoted to Glory very suddenly, on May 21st, 1898, after seventeen years of faithful service for God and The Army. I was appointed Bandmaster, and held that position until about four years ago. I am now teaching the Boys' Drum and Fife Band.

In conclusion, I can say that I am still in the best of health, am well saved, and happy in the service of God.

Thoughts from My Journal

By Adjutant Thorkildson.

Too many Christians are patiently waiting for the Lord to lead them, not according to His, but their own wills.

Nothing short of "living" your holiness will ever qualify you for teaching it.

If you are not a living, present day saint, don't you think your promotion to a future heavenly one might be doubtful?

You may be proud, be rich, be tall. But, after all, in moral stature very small.

Your secret sins are like so many private detectives, raised up by yourself, to work with never failing evidence against yourself. And it is only a question of time until you will be found out and exposed as the meanest being imaginable—the one found out.

"Living on bread alone" is not even half living. Feeding your body and starving your soul cannot even make you half the man that God intended you to be.

Every gain through sinfulness, is a "stab" in your own conscience, and a beginning of the final "wages of sin"—death.

Exchanging the word "want" for the word "need" has done more to make me rich than all my labour.

Just to the extent that I have been willing to surrender my own will to the will of God, have I realised peace of mind and conscience, which to me is real wealth and true happiness and success. On the other hand, just to the extent that I have withheld anything from God, that it was my reasonable service to give or do, have I experienced but trouble of mind and conscience, with its results of soul-poverty, sorrow and failure.

Tweed.—Ensign and Mrs. Rock have farewelled. They have been faithful workers here, and we regret their departure. Staff-Captain Bloss visited the Corps on July 11th. He dedicated our late Officer's baby to God, and enrolled two comrades under the Flag. Another enrollment has since taken place.—H. J. Way.

The Old Time Power

By Adjutant Kendall, Temple Corps.

My soul has been stirred of late as I have been reviewing the biographies of the ancient warriors of God. What mighty acts they did and how fruitful were their labours! They were holy men, they were baptised with the Holy Ghost, they believed in God's word, and they had power with God and man. In considering these things, I could not help but be struck with the contrast between these men and many of the modern religionists of to-day.

The ancients took God at His word, and mighty results followed, while many of these modern professors have dropped the standard of holiness out of their teaching and living. They have gone out of soul-saving work and are not much in the habit of prayer, yet claim to be religious teachers. The ancients were mighty in prayer. The most important command that Jesus gave to the disciples was that they should tarry in the City of Jerusalem until endued with power from on high. They had ten days of special prayer, with the result that thousands of souls were converted to God.

I will mention a few of the names of those men and women who possessed the ancient power of faith, since the days of the apostles: John Wesley, Wm. Bramwell, John Smith, David Brainerd, John Fletcher, C. J. Finney, John Knox, Ann Cutler, Lady Maxwell, Hester Ann Rogers, and Mrs. General Booth. These are just a few of those that stood by the ancient teaching, and mighty pentecostal results followed their preaching, so that souls were saved and sanctified, the kingdom of hell was shaken, and the Kingdom of Heaven was built up. Holiness was the glorious standard they raised on high, and such results are the outcome of the preaching of the men and women of to-day, who possess this ancient faith and power.

Such results do not follow the preaching and teaching of some of the modern professors of religion, so let us stand by the ancient teaching, for those that are doing these things and will continue to do so, shall never fall. Those who possess this ancient faith have stripped themselves from all badges of the world and come out from the world, while many of the modern professors love the world and the association of the unconverted. Christ has ceased to be a reality to them, thus they deny Him. They love high titles, grasping after the world in many ways, and cry out, "Give us a king, so that we shall be like other nations." They are not willing to be thought peculiar, and such Christianity, the devil is well pleased with.

What we want in these days, is a Christianity on fire. The Salvation Army is crying out for this. Oh, may we be brought into the valley of travailled, she brought forth her children." (Isaiah lxvi. 8.) We want the Spirit of Elijah, the spirit of a Jacob. Some mighty pentecostal prayer meetings and rivers of blessing will flow. Let us listen, with the cleansed and sanctified ear of an Isaiah, and we shall hear His voice.

We cannot too soon convince ourselves how easily we may be dispensed with in this world of ours.

LT.-COLONEL SHARP IN NEW ONTARIO.

A Successful Run Through the North Country—Many Seekers.

The visit of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp to the New Ontario Division was very highly appreciated by the Officers and Soldiers in this part of the country.

The first stop was at Orillia, where the Colonel conducted an old-time Salvation meeting. We had an excellent time.

North Bay was our next stop, where we met Mrs. Sharp, accompanied by Master Victor.

We arrived at New Liskeard in good time, where we spent the day, and it being the first of July, there were great crowds in the town. With a number of the Officers from the Cobalt District, the Colonel conducted two open-air meetings in the afternoon. Mrs. Sharp gave an earnest address. We had an excellent time at night. Ensign and Mrs. Calvert took part, as well as Captain Brass of Haileybury. Eight seekers at the penitent form.

We were announced to do a special meeting at Cobalt on July 2nd, but on account of the fire were prevented. Ensign Calvert had prepared a social for that night, but seeing it was impossible to arrange the same, the Ensign distributed the food which he had collected amongst the fire sufferers. Ensign and Mrs. Calvert, assisted by the Soldiers, have done excellent work in connection with helping these dear people that lost their homes and belongings.

The week-end was spent at Haileybury, and we had an excellent time. Our comrades here lost their Hall by fire, but are doing their very best in the open-air. The Orange Hall is placed at their disposal for the Sunday meetings. The Colonel, as well as Mrs. Sharp, gave some very good addresses. We were pleased to meet Mrs. Shaw, who is residing at Haileybury.

On Monday we journeyed to Engleheart, where the Methodist church was willingly loaned. Mrs. Sharp gave a very interesting address, which was highly appreciated by the Engleheart people. Ensign and Captain Patten, as well as Captain Brass and the Engleheart Officers, took part in the service.

On Tuesday we arranged an outing for the Officers of the Cobalt District. This was a very pleasant event. We concluded the day with a grand open-air meeting.

We returned to North Bay on Wednesday night, and had a grand time. Three souls sought Christ.

Thursday was spent at Sudbury, with Adjutant Habkirk and Captain McGorman, who are doing a tour through the Division. We had a great musical meeting on this occasion.

The week-end was spent at the Soo. The Saturday night, Sunday morning and afternoon meetings were conducted by Colonel and Mrs. Sharp, the D. O., Major McLean, doing the night meeting, while Colonel and Mrs. Sharp went over to the Canadian Soo for the Sunday night. We had a proper good time at the American Soo that night, winding up with a march around the Hall, and rejoicing over one soul seeking salvation. The Colonel reports a glorious time from the Canadian Soo the same evening. A crowded house and six sculs.

Adjutant Habkirk and Captain McGorman were at the Canadian Soo for the Sunday.

Ensign and Mrs. Clark, as well as the comrades at the Soo, Mich., are working hard to get their new building completed.—Major McLean.

A HORSE'S EPITAPH.

In the centre of a field at Waverhill, Suffolk, is a large flat stone covering the grave of a mare, which died in 1852, inscribed as follows: "Polka. She never made a false step. Eccles'astes iii. 19."

A reference to chapter and verse shows the following: "For which beset'eth the sons of men hefalleth beasts, even one thing befall'eth them; as the one dieth, so dieth the other." This is probably the only instance of a text from the Scriptures appearing on a memorial stone to an animal.

Promoted to Glory.

EX-CAPTAIN RANSOM PROMOTED TO GLORY FROM BERKELEY, ONT.

It was with sorrow we heard of the death of our comrade, ex-Captain W. Ransom, on Monday, July 7th. Our comrade had been a sufferer for a year, but bore his suffering with great patience. Before he passed away his dear wife (nee Capt. Howcroft) asked him if he feared death, and if he were still quite ready to go. He answered with a smile: "If the call should come in five minutes, I am quite ready." All through his suffering he leaned on the strong arm of God, and was quite reconciled to His will. He was a great lover of prayer, and was never happier than when in a red-hot prayer meeting. The Captain was converted in North Bay some years ago. He went in the American Field in 1903, but through his wife's health failing, had to resign for a time. He was then sent to Chesley, Ont., where God made him a great blessing. His heart was in his work, but another call came, and he was laid aside.



Ex-Captain and Mrs. Ransom.

The funeral service was conducted by Major Hay, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Wallace (Methodist), of Holland Centre, at the Berkeley Methodist Church, where the Captain had conducted many meetings, and had won souls for the Master. Many were the remarks passed on the Captain's devoted life by those who knew him best. We laid him to rest with the assurance that we would meet him again, if we prove faithful.

Our prayers and sympathy go out to his sorrowing wife, who, we feel sure, will be sustained by God at this hour.—J. S.

A memorial service was conducted by Captain Field at Chesley, on Sunday, June 18th. Mrs. Captain Ransom was present. Bandmaster Gropner, representing the Holland comrades, and Sergt.-Major Mrs. Haines, paid tributes to the life and work of the late Captain. One soul sought salvation. The Bandsmen rendered suitable music at both outdoor and indoor meetings.

GRANDMA STEWART, OF ROSSLAND, B. C.

On July 7th, death visited Rossland Corps, and our oldest Soldier, in the person of Grandma Stewart, was called to her reward. Grandma was a great sufferer for some months, and during the last six weeks she was confined to her bed in the hospital. From the first she had fears that she would not recover, and yet clung to the hope that she might. But the weeks that she spent in bed were blessed, and proved to be just fitting her for her home above.

A number of the comrade Soldiers

and friends visited her, and always found her trust firm in the Lord. As the end drew near her faith in God grew firmer, and her desire to be with her blessed Lord increased. She did not fear death, and as she said to those who visited her, she was "just waiting, and when the Lord saw fit to take her, she was ready." She made every arrangement for her funeral, and desired that Ensign Pickle should conduct the service, and Captain Cook should sing. Her son and grandson, who were most attentive to her during her illness, carried out her wishes, and we gave her an Army funeral, which was held at the home of her son on July 8th. A crowd of friends gathered to pay the last respects to one who had been such a blessing and cheer.

Grandma Stewart had been a Salvatoeist for the past twelve years, and previous to coming to Rossland, was a Soldier at Windsor, Ont., and Detroit, Mich.

We bespeak the prayers and sympathy for her family, who mourn the loss of a devoted mother, and pray that they may live as she lived, and meet her again in the morning.—Ensign B. Pickle.

Band Chat.

During the stay of Adjutant and Mrs. Walker in Galt, the Bandsmen were able to secure new instruments and a new gas lamp from T. H. Q.

St. John's I., Nfld., Band recently secured new uniforms. The Bandsmen, numbering sixteen, are now quite up-to-date in every way. Bandmaster Horwood is doing excellent service.

Bandsman Livesey, of Lisgar St., has returned from a recent trip to England. On Saturday night, July 24th, Bandsman Cunliffe and Sister Degney were united in marriage.

London I. Band.—A large crowd recently gathered together in the upper Hall to listen to the music of the Band, who gave a grand musical festival. All said they were glad they came.

We have welcomed Bandsman Hall from the Old Land.

Our Deputy-Bandmaster has been very ill for a long time, but our comrades will no doubt be pleased to hear that he is improving.

A little gleam of sunshine in the shape of a babe has recently made its way into the home of Band-Sergeant and Mrs. Judge.—E. M.

The Montreal I. Band recently visited No. VI. Corps, and gave them a "lift on the way" in the shape of a musical meeting. On the following evening the Band turned out to a man and gave a musical evening at a garden party in aid of the W. C. T. U. This was appreciated very much by the people assembled, and made a good impression for The Army as well, in a part of the city where we are comparatively little understood.—Thos. A. Burton, Ensign.

Edmonton Band rendered splendid music at an ice cream social held in aid of the Band fund on Secretary Page's lawn. (The Secretary is also drummer.) A good crowd came along, and the affair passed off very satisfactorily. — G. Holmes, Bandmaster.

Halifax I. Band is purchasing three new instruments, S.A. make, Class A, a monstre bass, a solo tenor horn, and a flugel horn. These instruments are badly needed in the Band. We are hoping that we shall soon have a complete silver Band. On Sunday afternoon, July 18th, Brigadier Morehen appointed the new Locals for the Band. They are as follows: Deputy-Bandmaster Moore, to be Bandmaster; Bandsman Haines, to be Deputy-Bandmaster; Bandsman McDonald, to be Band-Sergeant; Bandsman Stout, to be Band Secretary; last, and also least, your human

servant to be Band Correspondent.—C. B. C. Griffith.

The Wychwood Bandsmen have welcomed another bass player to their ranks. His name is "Ould," and he is the Captain of the Corps. Well done, Captain!

In Death Triumphant.

How Savonarola Died.

Savonarola's open denunciation of sin in high places and of the corruption of the government naturally incurred the enmity of the Medici, who were the real rulers of Florence. He became the law-giver of Florence, and during the year 1495, he purified the city and abolished the corruptions which had flourished under the rule of the Medici. He organised processions of thousands of white-robed children, who marched through the streets singing the songs of Zion. Obscenity and impurity were banished from the streets. Florence was once more a free Republic, but with Christ as its Ruler.

But a new Pope, who had just been elected by bribery and fraud, did not like the bold preaching of the Friar of San Marco, and before long the struggle commenced which resulted eventually in the martyrdom of Savonarola. At 10 o'clock on the morning of the 23rd of May, 1498, Savonarola entered the presence of his Lord. He had been subjected to the most awful trial, but he died triumphantly.

Just before he mounted the scaffold, while the ceremony of removing their religious vestments was being performed, the bishop took Savonarola by the arm, and in the confusion of the moment, stammered out, "I separate thee from the church militant and triumphant."

"Militant," replied Savonarola, "not triumphant; that is not in your power."

From the gallows his body fell into the fires that had been lit below, and his ashes were gathered up and flung into the River Arno, but he still lives in the hearts and minds of men.—American Y. S.

A Criminal Practice.

The recent drowning of two young women in Lake Deschenes has called attention to an evil that is common both in Canada and the United States. It appears that it is the practice of pleasure parties when out boating at night to raise cries for help. So many times have the people dwelling by the lake been deceived in this way that they have ceased to pay any attention to such cries. If it had not been for this criminal practice the young women would have been rescued, for they were clinging to their upturned boat for two hours before they got exhausted.

In commenting on this incident, the Ottawa Journal says:

"The man or woman who, on a body of water largely employed for boating for pleasure, the man or woman who, being safe afloat, raises a cry for help, is a criminal. There should be in the Criminal Code a provision for the case. Imprisonment without fine should be the criminal's portion. The Minister of Justice would be well advised if he were to have such a measure enacted at his first opportunity."

Conceit may puff a man up, but it will never prop him up.

The smallest good deed is better than the grandest good intention.

The guilty soul cannot keep its own secrets. No power on earth can silence the voice that demands the punishment of sin.

There is light enough for those whose sincere wish is to see, and darkness enough to confound those of an opposite disposition.

If any man is unhappy, this must be his own fault; for God made all men to be happy.

Any view of the future may be fairly tried by this standard—does it strengthen, gladden, inspire us in the present?

OUR INTERNATIONAL NEWS LETTER.



Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, Major Hay, and the Owen Sound Band, with Soldiers of Feversham.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Since his great effort at the Field Officers' Councils, The General has been kept going at a good pace with important business in connection with our world-wide Army interests. During the week he has held interviews with several highly placed gentlemen, as well as conferences on Foreign affairs. The General is full of vigour, and great hopes are entertained for his coming Motor Campaign.

The Chief of the Staff, too, has been full up with pressing business during the week. He will be conducting a Spiritual Day with the Cadets on Tuesday next. These meetings are always looked forward to with much eagerness by comrades from abroad. On Tuesday Officers will be present from the United States of America, Canada, Newfoundland, New Zealand, Germany, Italy, India, and South America. Commissioner McKie, from Sweden, is also expected to be present.

Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs arrived in London safely. During the week the Commissioner has had conferences with The General and Chief, and has been able to transact a large amount of business with the Foreign Secretary. The Commissioner received something like an ovation at the Congress Hall on Thursday evening, where he delivered a stirring address. Before he returns to Canada, the Commissioner will spend a few days with The General on his Motor Tour.

DENMARK.

A new feature at the Danish Congress, held a few weeks ago, was a Brass Band of Juniors, 15 in number. They came from the South Jutland Division, and created much interest by their playing. On the way to the Congress, the Divisional Officer, Major Boisen, led a great demonstration at Nyborg, at which the Boys

Band assisted. A number of the boys were invited by the Officers to sleep that night at the military barracks.

SOUTH AMERICA.

After a long illness, Mrs. Major Walker was promoted to Glory from Montevideo, on June 6th. She was a bright and promising Officer, a native of the country, having come out of one of the Corps in the Uruguayan Division. Brigadier Bonnett, assisted by Staff-Captain Bornand, conducted the funeral, and a great deal of attention was attracted as the coffin, with draped Army Flag, and bearing the bonnet and Bible of our promoted comrade, was carried through the streets of the capital.

Our comrades in the Argentine Republic have been campaigning on extraordinary lines. Amongst the "specialising" that has been planned, is a series of meetings in Buenos Aires for confirmed drunkards. At the first of these a few bad cases attended, three of whom volunteered to the penitent form.

Ensign Heydecker came out from Germany, and has put in seven years service in South America. He is at present visiting England for a short time before continuing his furlough in the Fatherland.

UNITED STATES.

Strenuous efforts have been made by certain parties to stop The Salvation Army from collecting on the streets in the interests of such efforts as Children's Outings and Christmas Dinners for the Poor, etc. In consequence of this, it was decided to introduce a bill into the Massachusetts Legislature for the purpose of definitely legislating such collections. Although the bill was bitterly opposed in some quarters, it passed triumphantly through both the Lower and Upper Houses.

Through our work in the local

prisons, we come into touch with many criminals before they are committed to the larger State penitentiaries. Whilst in prison, they receive our War Cry and Social Gazette, and as a result they frequently turn to The Army for advice and assistance when their term has expired.

Among the men who have been led to Christ through our Prison Work is the publisher of one of the leading magazines of the country, and also a famous Wall Street merchant.

ITALY.

A special campaign has been carried on during the last three months, with the glorious result of 2,266 souls won for God and The Army. At the close of the campaign a great number of those who professed salvation were enrolled as Soldiers under the Colours.

Major Christo Charan recently conducted a wedding at the Ahmedabad Headquarters. It is very interesting to note that both the bride and bridegroom had been famine children, and were brought up in our schools.

In the Gujarat Territory there are quite a number both of Staff and Field Officers who came into our Schools as orphan children during the great famine which occurred some twelve years ago, and who are now doing good service.

Captains Snelgrove and McInnes have farewelled from St. John's II., Nfld. The Corps has prospered under their leadership—Band, Juniors and Seniors alike. On Sunday night, July 18th, tributes to their labour amongst us was paid by several Local Officers. God speed the departing Officers.—War Correspondent.

Devote each day to the object then in time, and the evening will find something done.

Brampton. — On Thursday, July 16th, Lieutenants Cranwell and Beck arrived to take charge. On Saturday night at the open-air a solo touched a poor backslider's heart, and at the open-air he promised to again take up his cross for Christ.—One interested.

Seal Cove, F. B.—Captain Fowler is away at Councils, but we are having victory here. Our meetings on Sunday were led by Candidates Smith and Ridout. At night two precious souls plunged into the fountain and got blessedly saved.—

Music Competition.

Open to Musical Salvationists Throughout the World.

Our Bandsmen and other musical comrades throughout the world, will be interested to know that, in accordance with the announcement made last year, the Chief of the Staff has approved a Competition* for Band Selections to be held during the current year.

As on previous occasions, the Musical Board at International Headquarters will adjudicate on the selections sent in, and cash prizes, accompanied by Certificates of Merit, will be awarded as follows:—

First Prize, £33.0.
Second Prize, £11.6.

A Certificate of Merit will be given to the competitor taking the third place. There will be no competition this year for either Marches or Vocal pieces.

The Competition will be open to Salvationists of all ranks in every land, excepting persons who are employed by The Army in composing or editing music.

The selections submitted must be received in London between September 1st and 15th. Full particulars, together with conditions and Form of entry, may be obtained from the Secretary, Musical Board, 101 Queen Victoria Street, London, E. C.

Intending competitors are urged to make immediate application, so that they may understand exactly what the conditions of the Competition are before they commence their work.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

HOW HERMAN'S DREAM CAME TRUE.

IT was in the year 1878 that Herman reached the Swedish town of Hudiksvall, in a ship named "Emmanuel." Five years previously he had had a strange vision. It had seemed to him that he had stood by the bank of a river, and as he gazed into the water a voice said, "You must go down there and die." He never forgot that dream, and was continually puzzling his mind over the meaning of it.

As the ship drew near Hudiksvall, a conviction came upon him that this was where the dream was to be fulfilled. His hunger after spiritual things was greatly increased by this time, and not finding any Christian companions on board ship, he resolved to seek for some ashore. He accosted the first man he met, therefore, and asked him if there were any Christians in the town, and if they held any meetings.

The man gave a scornful laugh. "We've got none of that sort here," he said, "the churches are all shut up, and the priests are all driven out."

This was rather discouraging, but Herman felt confident that there were some good people in the town, and so he made more enquiries, but with the same result. He was just about to go back to his ship in despair, when he came to an iron foundry. He felt impressed that he ought to go in, and did so. Big furnaces were blazing in all directions, and numbers of men were pouring molten metal into crucibles.

"Oh, there are no Christians here," thought Herman, "I might as well go back to the ship."

Just then a man approached him, and, to his surprise, said, "God has many children."

"You are just the man I'm looking for," said Herman, overjoyed at meeting someone to whom he could talk about spiritual matters.

"There are twenty-five of us here," said the man.

"Praise God," said Herman, "then there is still a remnant left."

He was warmly welcomed by the Christian iron founders, and invited to attend a prayer meeting next night. Hudiksvall, he learned, was a very wicked place, and it was no uncommon thing for a minister of



Together They Went Down into the River.

religion to be stoned on the streets.

Next night Herman went to the meeting, and enjoyed the preaching and singing very much. At the close of the service the minister came and shook hands with him, saying, "Are you a child of God?"

"Yes," said Herman, but his heart condemned him, for he knew that he had not the witness of the Spirit. He was just a convicted sinner at that time.

"Are you a child of Israel?" was the next question of the minister.

Herman trembled. For some years now, he had been trying to conceal the fact that he was a Jew, because the sailors persecuted him so much about it.

"No, I am a Christian," he answered. That night Herman could not sleep. His conscience troubled him. Two direct lies had he told, and yet he professed to be a Christian. Before the sun rose, he had made up his mind to confess his sin to the minister and ask him what he should do to be saved.

As soon as possible, therefore, he went ashore, found out the minister and confessed that he had lied to him. The good man pointed him to Christ as his Saviour, and that day Herman's sins were under the Blood. The minister then told him that he ought to be baptised as a sign to all that he was going to renounce the faith of his forefathers and accept Christianity. Herman was eager to do anything that would help him to

definitely break away from the old life, and so it was arranged that he should be baptised.

Some difficulties now arose, however. The minister had never baptised a Jew before, and he began to get puzzled as to how to go about it. He called the elders of the Church together, and they had a long discussion over the matter, but could arrive at no satisfactory conclusion. So it was decided to write to Bishop Valdestrom, and ask him to come down and perform the ceremony. He answered that he was too busy, and so they had to have another council about the matter. Some contended that Herman ought to be wholly immersed in water, while others said that a sprinkling would be sufficient. To support their arguments, they quoted the sayings of many eminent divines; but at last they all agreed to abide by what Martin Luther had to say about the matter. The minister took down a bulky volume, therefore, and read as follows: "It is best for a Jew to be washed all over." So that point was settled.

Then arose another argument as to where the baptism should take place. Some wanted it in the church, while others were in favour of going to the river.

"If we go to the river," said one, "the people of the town will stone us to death."

"Well, then," said the minister, "the only way is to keep the matter a secret." So the members of the council were sworn to secrecy, and it was decided that the baptism should take place in the river, six miles away from the town. The date was fixed for the following Sunday.

On Saturday night, therefore, the minister secretly stole out of town under cover of darkness, accompanied by Herman. They walked for several hours, and finally arrived at a lonely cottage. Instead of knocking at the door, the minister started to sing a hymn, whereupon a person opened the door, and invited them to come inside. Next morning Herman was up bright and early, anxious to go to the river and be baptised. The minister did not seem to be in any hurry, however, and the morning wore on very slowly to the impatient Herman. At last about 11 o'clock, he ventured to ask when they were going to the river.

"I have been waiting for the brethren," said the minister, "but as no one has come, we had better proceed on our way."

Herman now began to feel a bit discouraged. He had thought that all his Christian friends would surely have come to see him baptised, but not one of them had appeared as yet.

"Why have they not come?" he

asked the minister, as they walked through the woods towards the river.

"I don't know," was his brief reply, and after that he maintained a stolid silence. Herman followed him dejectedly; all sorts of gloomy thoughts going through his mind. He tried to sing but the words seemed to stick in his throat, he tried to pray, but the heavens seemed as brass, and then in his agony, he called out, "My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

Truly, that walk to the river, on that Sunday morning, seemed like the path to Calvary for Herman. At every turn some temptation met him to run away, to shirk his cross, to choose an easier path.

They had not gone far before one of the Christian Brothers met them. "Where are the rest?" asked the minister.

"I do not know," said the Brother, "Perhaps thy are too timid to venture out. Listen, we have been betrayed."

"Ha!" said the minister, "and who has done this wicked thing?"

"One of the women," said the Brother, "she sold our secret to the Jews for money, and now all the populace will come to the river, and we shall surely be stoned."

"May the good Lord forgive her," said the minister, "it is like the sin of Judas, who sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver. But look yonder, who are those men coming towards us?"



They were Married in the Parish Church.

"They are Jews," said the Brother, "and I doubt not that they wish to speak to our Brother who is to be baptised."

This proved to be the case, for one of them, a Rabbi, approached Herman and said that he would like to talk to him a bit.

"Well, what do you want to say?" said Herman.

"Now, tell me," said the Rabbi, "what is your reason for wishing to leave the religion of your fathers?"

"Because it has failed to make me happy," said Herman.

"That is too bad," said the Rabbi. "I don't think you could have truly learned the Jews' religion, or you would not say that, neither would you wish to be baptised."

"I know as much about the Jews' religion as you do," said Herman, "so don't talk any more about it. I know what I am doing, so leave me alone."

The Rabbi was not to be baffled so easily, however, and he walked along by the side of Herman, arguing and expostulating with him, and trying his best to induce him to change his mind. As a last shot he offered Herman the sum of twelve

(Continued on page 16)



A Copy of the Text Given to Herman in Commemoration of His Baptism.

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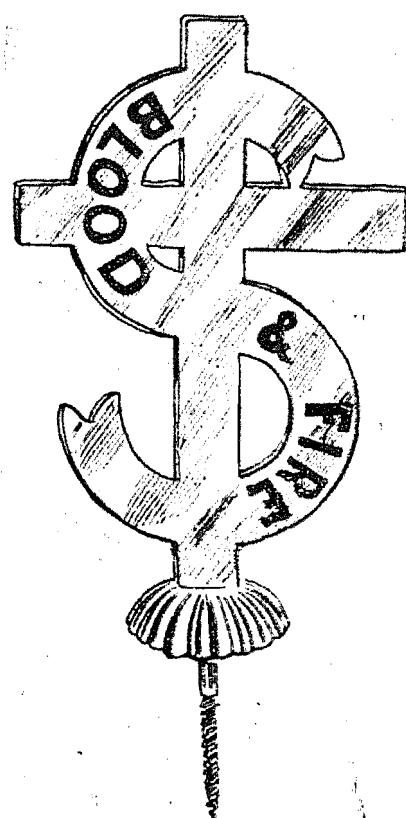
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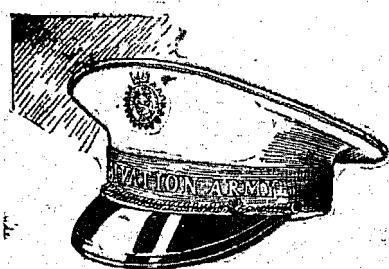
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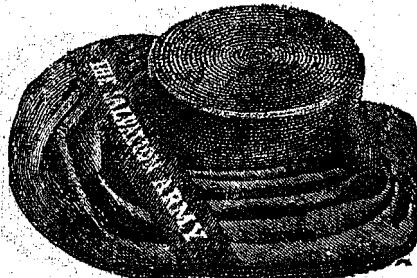
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Samples on Application.

The Trade Secretary, 18 Albert Street, Toronto, Ontario.

POGASELSKY, THE JEW.

(Continued from page 14.)

thousand kroner, and promised to set him up in business if he would return to Judaism.

"That is more than the Christians will do for you," he said.

The temptation was so strong that Herman almost gave way this time. A picture of a little store, stocked with goods, rose before his mental vision, and he fancied himself a prosperous tradesman.

"All this is yours," whispered the tempter, "if you will only draw back."

But Herman got the victory. "No," he said to the Rabbi; "I don't want your money; I want Christ."

"Then you will soon be a dead man," said the Rabbi; "the people are enraged, and are going to stone you as soon as you appear."

"My Master died for me, and I am willing to die for Him," replied Herman, and he bravely set his face towards the river.

It almost seemed as if Herman would indeed have to die, for as soon as he and the minister appeared by the riverside, a yell went up from the hundreds of people gathered there, and they began to pick up heavy stones with the intention of hurling them at the two. Just at this critical moment, however, a little band of Christian people appeared on the scene, and a hush fell upon the wicked crowd as, sweet and clear, the hymn, "Our God is a mighty tower," was chanted.

"Come, my brother," said the minister to Herman, "let us go into the water. A bold front will win the day."

So, together, they went down into the river, and Herman was immersed in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and came up out of the water with the new name of Petros.

"And now I have got over the fence," he said, as he stepped out of the water. "I have died to my old life, and risen to a new life in Christ. Now I understand the vision I had in 1873."

While this was happening, the crowd had looked on sullenly, and many threats were uttered. No one dared to throw a stone, however, and Herman believes to this day that it was nothing else but the power of God that prevented them from taking his life.

So he walked back to the town with his friends, rejoicing over his victories and determined to be a faithful follower of Christ.

His baptism took place on August 18th, 1878, the name of the minister being Hjalmar Anderson. In commemoration of the event a text card was presented to him, which we reproduce on this page. The translation of it is as follows: "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom." This little memorial is greatly prized by Herman.

After his baptism he sailed away to Norway, and in a town called Tvedstrand a young woman named Marion Geppel fell in love with him. He had practically given up hope of ever finding Getel again, and besides that, there was now an insuperable barrier between them. She was a Jewess, and he was a Christian, and he knew that she would look with horror upon him, because he had forsaken the faith of his fathers. Seeing, therefore, that the Norwegian lass loved him, that she was a Christian, and likely to prove a good, faithful wife, he decided to marry her, and the happy event duly took place in the parish church of Tvedstrand.

(To be continued.)

LIEUT.-COLONEL TURNER

and the

New Aberdeen Splendid Brass Band

will visit

AMHERST—Thursday, August 5th.

SPRINGHILL—Friday, August 6.

CHARLOTTETOWN—Saturday, Sun-

day and Monday, August 7, 8, 9.

WESTVILLE—Tuesday, August 10.

STELLARTON—Wednesday, August 11.

SYDNEY—Thursday, August 12.

Salvation Songs

Holiness.

Tune—The cross now covers.

5 Oh, when shall my soul find her rest.

My strugglings and wrestlings be o'er.

My heart, by my Saviour possessed,

Be fearing and shunning no more!

Now, search me, and try me, oh, Lord,

Now, Jesus, give ear to my cry;

See, helpless I cling to Thy Word,

My soul to my Saviour draws nigh.

My idols I cast at Thy feet.

My all I return Thee, who gave,

This moment the work is complete,

For Thou art almighty to save!

Tune—Nottingham, B.B., 85.

2 Take my life, and let it be consecrated, Lord, to Thee;

Take my moments and my days,

Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my voice, and let me sing,

Always, only for my King;

Take my lips, and let them be filled with messages from Thee.

Take my will, and make it Thine;

It shall be no longer mine;

Take my heart, it is Thine own;

It shall be Thy royal throne.

Free and Easy.

Tune—Oh, that's the place, 263.

3 Jesus is my Saviour, this I know,

He has given peace to my heart;

When my soul was burdened, filled full of woe,

Seeking from my sin to part.

Graciously he heard me when I prayed,

Drew me to His riven side,

There by faith I washed, and so was saved,

His blood was there applied.

Chorus.

Oh, that's the place where I love to be.

There I came to Jesus, bound and sad,

Liberty I claimed from my sin;

Readily He gave it, and, oh, so glad

Was my heart then made by Him!

Fetters which had bound me He destroyed.

Blessed is the spot to me

Where I knelt to thank Him, overjoyed,

To find my soul was free.

Tunes—My God, I am Thine, 194, G and Bb; The blast of the trumpet, 188; Song Book, No. 248.

4 My God, I am Thine; what a comfort divine!

What a blessing to know that my Jesus is mine!

True pleasures abound in the rapturous sound,

And whoever has found it has paradise found.

My Jesus to know, and feel His blood flow,

'Tis life everlasting, 'tis Heaven below.

And this I shall prove, till with joy I remove,

To the Heaven of heavens in Jesus' love.

Salvation.

Tune—At the cross, B. B. 208.

5 When my heart was so hard

That I ne'er would regard

The salvation held up to my sight,

To the cross when I came

In my darkness and shame,

It was there that I first saw the light.

Then the gloom had all passed,

And, rejoicing at last,

I was sure that my soul was made right,

For my Lord, I could see

In His love died for me,

On the cross, where I first saw the light.

Tunes—Mercy still for thee, 49; Haste away to Jesus, 36.

6 Oh, wanderer, knowing not the smile

Of Jesus' lovely face,

In darkness living all the while,

rejecting offered grace;

To thee, Jehovah's voice doth sound,

Thy soul He waits to free;

Thy Sav'our hath a ransom found.

There's mercy still for thee.

For thee, though sunk in deep despair,

Thy Saviour's blood was shed;

He for thy sins was as a lamb

To cruel slaughter led,

That thou mayest find, poor sin-sick soul,

A pardon full and free;

What boundless grace, what wondrous love!

There's mercy still for thee.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, and, if possible, locate and bring them home again. Address Commissioner Thomas, 105, King Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a photograph of a person is desired to be forwarded with the information, an extra charge of two dollars is made. Letters and money must be sent with the photo. Officers, sailors, and fliers are requested to look regularly through the columns, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons described for.

First insertion.

7360. PENNY, J. G. Age 46; height 5ft., 10in.; black eyes and hair, and sallow complexion. Last known address, 553 Syndacity Ave., Fort William. Missing since last October. News wanted.

7366. EUSTACE, MR., known as "JIM." Came to Canada four years ago. Short in stature; dark complexion; sharp features; dark hair. Last heard of in Moose Jaw, Sask. Family very anxious. Information would be gratefully received.

7388. McNICOL, JAMES. Hails from Glasgow, Scotland. Age about 27 years; height 5ft., 8in.; dark hair; deep set, large blue eyes; clean shaven; wiry build. Last heard of December 9th, 1908. Friends very anxious.

7316. CAMERON, GEORGE E. Last heard of July, 1907, was then in Calgary. Then talked of going to Edmonton or Vancouver. Any information would be gladly received by his wife.

7381. PEALLING, G. E. T. R. fair complexion. Left Campbellford four years ago, for Rochester. Married one George Baridon. Supposed to have left him two years ago. She is now 25 years old, about 5ft. high; red hair; greyish-blue eyes and fair complexion. Aunt enquires. American Cry please copy. (See photo.)

7356. JOHNSON, MALENE. Danish. About 41 years of age; medium height; dark hair, blue eyes. Married Icelander named Jonas Johnson. Last heard of in March, 1906. Address then given was Bru Post Office, Manitoba, Canada. Supposed to have moved somewhere near Lake Manitoba. Mother enquires.

7380. BLONDELL, WM. ARTHUR. Married. Age 34; height 5ft., 6in.; brown hair and eyes. Landed in Quebec on S.S. "Corsican," May 28th, 1909. Kindly communicate with Missing Department, S. A. Temple, Albert Street, Toronto.

7379. OLSON, ANTON MARTIN. Norwegian. Age 41; stout; blond hair and blue eyes. Last known address, Neepigon Construction Co., Neepigon, Ontario. Was engaged in railway construction. Wife very anxious for news.

7365. DOBNOR, ARTHUR. Age 40; height 5ft., 8in.; fresh complexion; gardener or farmer. Last address given, Crandall P. O., Manitoba, Canada. Any information would be thankfully received.

7369. MINNICE, JOHN, or HECTOR. Age 39; height 5ft., 8in.; dark brown hair and eyes; florid complexion. Went through South African War. Left Glasgow for Canada, six years ago. Mother who is failing in health, desires to hear from him.

7366. MILLAR, GEORGE. Age 30; medium height; brown hair; grey eyes; dark complexion; farmer. Was sent to Canada sixteen years ago, when a lad of fourteen, from Dr. Barnardo's Home in Edinburgh. His brother John enquires.

7364. BUSH, JOHN. Married. Age between 50 and 55; medium height; Roman Catholic. Was a waiter at the Hamilton Hotel, Hamilton, Ont. Thought to have gone to Brooklyn, New York. Left Bristol some 20 or 25 years ago. Entitled to legacy. S. Bush, cousin, enquires.

7360. ANDERSON, ANDREW, or ANDREAS. Norwegian. About 35 years old; light complexion; robust; short. Was last heard of, January, 1908; was working at Fairbanking Co., Fairbanks, Alaska. Family is anxious to hear of him.

LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN,
(Field Secretary)
will visit
BELLEVILLE, on August, 12th.

BRIGADIER ADY
THE SINGING EVANGELIST,
will visit
SMITH'S FALLS—July 30 to Aug. 1.
OTTAWA I.—August 10 to 23.
OTTAWA II.—August 24 to 30.
MONTREAL II.—August 31 to Sept. 9.
MONTREAL I.—Sept. 10 to 23.

MAJOR SIMCO
will visit
Stratford—July 31st to August 10th.

MAJOR HAY
will conduct Camp Meetings at
Palmerston—July 31st, to August 5th.
Guelph, August 7th, to 18th.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.
Captain Mannion, East Ont. Prov.—
Carleton Place, August 10, 11; Kemptonville, August 12-13; Smith's Falls, August 14-16; Perth, August 17, 18; Tweed, August 19, 20; Peterborough, August 21, 22; Port Hope, August 23, 24; Millbrook, August 25; Cobourg, August 26, 27; Trenton, August 28, 29; Campbellford, August 30, 31.
Captain Backus—Eastern Province—
Lunenburg, Aug. 4, 5; Dartmouth, Aug. 8; Halifax I., Aug. 9, 10; Halifax II., Aug. 12; Windsor, Aug. 13-15; Wolfville, Aug. 16; Kentville, Aug. 17-19; Bridgetown, Aug. 20-22; Annapolis, Aug. 23-25.
Captain Lloyd—West Ont. Prov.—
Engleheart, August 5, 6; Haileybury, August 7, 8, 9; New Liskeard, Aug. 10, 11; Elk Lake, Aug. 15-17; Sturgeon, August 18, 19.

Capt. Gilkinson—Eastern Prov.—
Amherst, August 4, 5; Springhill, August 6; Parrsboro, August 7, 8, 9; Londonderry, August 10, 11; Truro, Aug. 12, 13; New Glasgow, Aug. 14-17; Inverness, Aug. 18, 19; Port Hood, Aug. 20; Whitney Pier, Aug. 21-23.

WANTED FOR THE KING'S SERVICE

Young Men and Women.

A number of consecrated young men and women are wanted for the next Session of Training, which commences September 16th. If you have not yet sent in your Application for Officership, do it to-day. Write your D.O., P.O., or to LIEUT.-COLONEL SOUTHALL, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.